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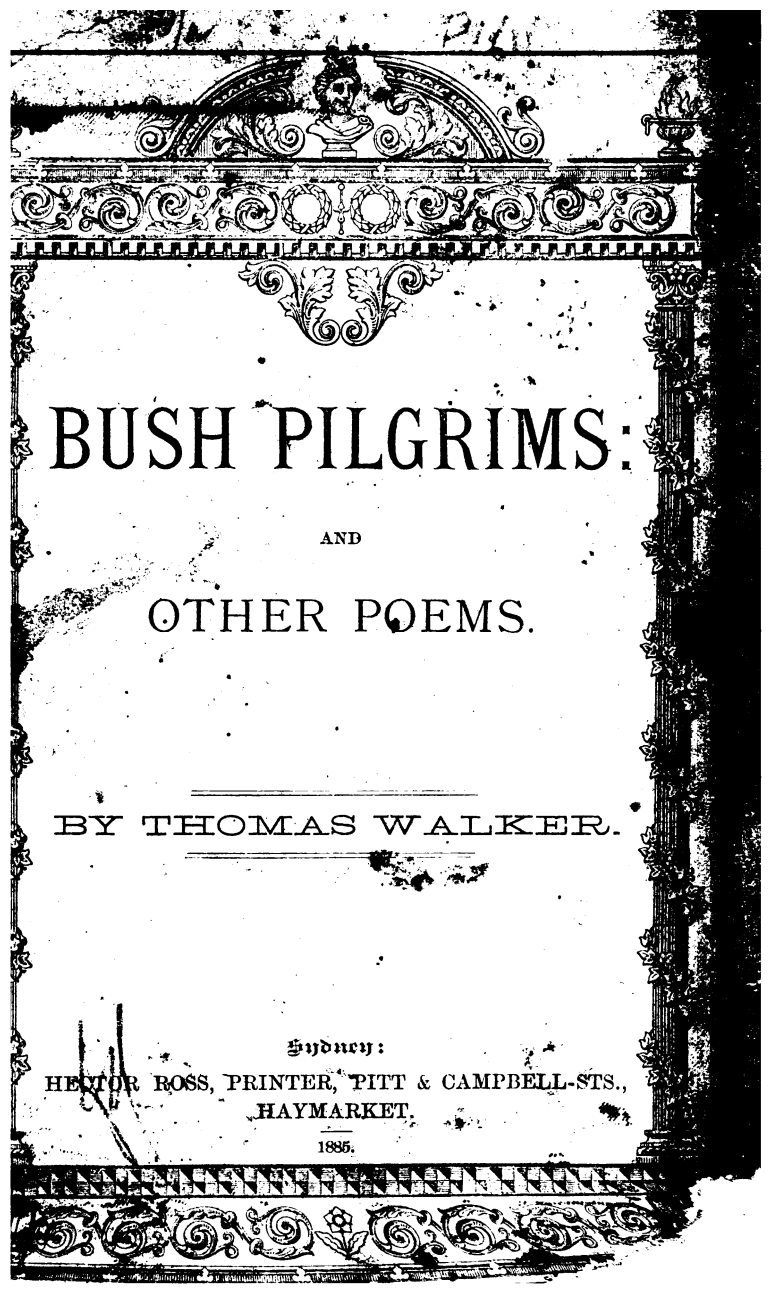


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BUSH PILGRIMS:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THOMAS WALKER.

Sydney:

HECTOR ROSS, PRINTER, PITT & CAMPBELL-STS.,
HAYMARKET.

1885.

1. No subject

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The Author

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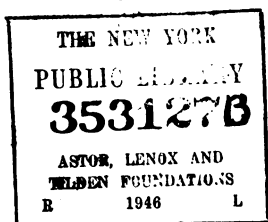
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ERRATA.

- Page 1, verse 3, for *the bosom* read *their bosom*.
,, 6, ,, 3, for *Haager* read *Hagar*.
,, 10, ,, 5, for *butterfly* read *butterflies*.
,, 38, line 13, for *Schopenhaur* read *Schopenhauer*.
Pages 41-43 for *Kellerman* read *Kellermann*.
Page 42 for *De Chatres* read *De Chartres*.
,, 46 for *O'er the Eolian* read *O'er the harp Eolian*.
,, 77 for *reformer* read *reforms*.
,, 83, last line, for *the base* read *thy base*.
,, 90, last verse, for *had* read *has*.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BUSH PILGRIMS	1
WEARINESS TO DREAMING	8
JEWISH MAIDEN	16
HOME	20
TALE OF A WINTER'S NIGHT (A DIALOGUE.)	21
BY THE STREAM	26
THOUGHTS ON THE BEACH AT BONDI	27
SPIRITS OF THE GLEN	28
AN INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION	33
BUDDHA'S LESSON	37
YOUR WORDS ARE SAVIORS	39
THE BATTLE OF VALMY	41
GOOD-BYE, IF I AM LOVED NO MORE	43
WHO CAN LAUGH BUT THE LITTLE CHILD	45
WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS.. .. .	47
AWAKE MY LOVE	47
NATURE'S REST	48
WHEN I'M ALONE ON THE SEA	49
JEPHTHAH'S VOW	50
ODE TO SHELLEY	54
THE SEA	56
A SILENT ROSE	59

Zyrell - January 8, 1906.

RODERIC AND MARMONDELLE	60
(FROM MARMONDELLE THE MINSTREL.)	
LOVE'S VISION	64
THE LIVING THROG	65
BY THE BROOKLET	66
THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER	67
GENIUS (IMPROPTU)	72
THERE'S NAUGHT BUT MELANCHOLY	72
MY LOVED ONE	74
OH YOU REFORMERS	75
SCENE FROM THE PRINCESS OF ATLANTIS (A DIALOGUE.)	77
FATE BIDS US WALK ALONE	80
THE ATHEIST	81
OH FOR THE DAY OF PEACE	88
A SISTER'S LOVE	90
BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS	91
To ———	93
DAMAYANTI, THE PRINCESS	94
A CENSURED LOVE	104
A LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENT	107



BUSH PILGRIMS.

HE day that had ended had been of all others
The hottest; encircled by smoke that for miles
Arose from the bush, that still burned at the
night-fall,
And hemmed in the homestead with glowing red
aisles.

The sun as he sank—like a ship in a tempest
Down slopes of the mountains of uplifted wave—
But mocked at the lands, where a weird desolation
Sat ruling in silence as still as the grave.

In silence! In silence but that the wild moanings
Of winds bearing flames on the bosom, and sounds
Of bellowing cattle on arid plains dying,
Commingled their notes with the shrieks of wild
hounds.

For leagues—but the ashes and cinders of nature!
No sign that the earth ever bore on her breast
A blade of green grass or the stem of a flower:
A desolate death-scene, not wooing to rest!

And black as when tempests far out on the ocean
Sit brooding in clouds when the sun has gone
down,
And seas are yet calm but thick with grim shadows,
Came night o'er the land with a gloom-begirt
frown,

And wrapped with her frown—till she lost the horizon
 And zenith, and pressed on the eyes like a sea
 Of blackness profound—with her frown she wrapped
 all things,
 Except the dull glow of the still burning tree.

And, like to a rock in the ocean, a hamlet
 Stood lost in the night, standing lone on the plain ;
 In solitude standing, by darkness encompassed,
 A shepherd within there, tormented by pain.

And lo ! by the bedside his wife waited, watching,
 And fanning the face that was gasping for breath.
 She soothed with her kindness the head on the pillow,
 Fast sinking from anguish to slumber of death.

He suffered ; she guarded far into the midnight ;
 And then the white face like the dead of a dream
 Grew still, with a smile that was peaceful and placid ;
 And she was alone, like a wreck on life's stream.

Alone ! Not alone, for her two little children
 Awoke at her sobs, as she wept by the bed ;
 And painfully told she the babes that their father—
 The father they loved so—she loved so—was dead.

II.

Long hours she had waited in sorrow for someone—
 As mariners wait for a star in the gloom—
 To pass by the hut, and to offer the tribute
 That love, and respect, consecrate to the tomb.



At morn, and at mid-day, at eve, and at twilight,
She gazed in bewilderment over the plain;
And lo! in the night watch, when Luna was shining,
She stared into space for assistance again.

And oft when her vision grew feeble and weary,
Despairingly lifting her eyes to the sky
She seemed to expect, from the heavens, an angel
To dig the last bed where her husband should lie.

But though the far cities had murmuring streamlets
Of people, who thronged in the streets without care;
To *her* all the world seemed a desert forsaken,
Whose silence but mocked at her bitter despair.

At last, with the strength of despair's resolution,
That rose from her tears like a daisy dew-pressed,
She dug a lone grave, with the help of her children,
Where father, forever, should slumber at rest.

And then in her arms like a baby she carried
The form, that the sickness had wasted away;
She paused for a minute fatigued at the grave-side
To kiss the beloved, and to weep and to pray.

Again the white shroud she adjusted in kindness
That softened like music with love's deepest pain;
" 'Tis better with him! Ah with *him* it is better:
Oh God! be a father to those who remain."

Then gently lowered—those three—the beloved one,
Who once was the light of their happiest hours;
"Ma wait" said the children, "we'll go to the garden,
And father shall sleep covered over with flowers."

Alas ! but the sun in the heat of the summer
Had withered the flowers—the pride of the dead !
They perished before him ; not even a rosebud
Remained in the garden to pluck for his bed !

So over him spreading the bark from the hamlet
His hands had erected, that still he might rest
Entombed in the dwelling that love had enhallowed,
They built his last home far and lone in the West.

And then with a lingering fondness they covered
The crypt with a garment of earth ; and they wept
In silence, when finished, with hearts nearly broken,
Then turned full of grief from the grave where he
slept.

III.

Behold it is sunset ! Once more hath Apollo
His music of light, and his arrows of gold
Cast over the earth ; but his gifts have been painful
To three weary pilgrims like lambs from the fold.

“ I’m tired, dear mother ! ” said kindly the youngest ;
“ We’ll rest for the night ” she replied with a sigh ;
Then nestled they lay, like a bird with her fledglings,
Exposed to the glance of each star in the sky.

Next morn they resumed their long journey to
Eastward
But hungry and faint, for of food they had none ;
And as the hot winds would besport with the sandhills
Their throats became parched, and the water was
gone.

'Then hope for a moment would seem to desert them :
Oh where could they turn the dear liquid to seek !
They followed the lines of the bones of dead cattle
In trust it would lead to a plentiful creek.

But over the hills of the sand, in the hollow
And rents that were torn in the breast of the earth—
Where waters would flow like a flood at the spring
time—
They saw but the symptoms of summer and dearth.

The lone Eucalyptus upon the bank standing—
A ghost of a tree, without life, without leaves ;
It's "white strips of bark" hanging loose in the
zephyrs,
And moaning like souls that a sorrow reprieves—

Stood shadowless over them, pitiless, moveless ;
Derisively glaring the light of the sun ;
Fast rooted to earth, weirdly pointing to heaven
That glistened, liked swords ere the battle be done.

Yea vaulted above them, the roof of a furnace
High heaven did seem, and the landscape around
Was glowing with heat, and each stone was a mirror
Reflecting a myriad suns from the ground.

Deep gorges broad grinning, and half buried
boulders,
And wide undulations of burning hot sand,
As far as the eye could extend in its vision
Were seen ; and death's silence did cover the land.

And then came the night. The red sun with a tremor
Sank down, and the land in a moment was cast
In shadows that deepened, and deepened to darkness,
As speedily Sol to the underworld passed.

“I cannot walk further ; I’m dying dear mother !”
“I’m thirsty, *so* thirsty !” the other did say ;
And silently pressing her babes to her bosom
The mother felt helpless, but ventured to pray :—

“Oh God of the widows, and fatherless children !
As Haager was blessed, do my children aid :
From out of the rock, or the sand hills, send water !
Thou canst ; *I believe it*” she earnestly prayed.

And trusting the answer would burst on her vision,
She struck with her hand at the rock by her side ;
And then at the sand ; but no answer was given ;
And whilst she had done so her youngest had died.

O smile not at frenzy, nor faith that is folly,
When helplessness crushes a mother’s full heart ;
She prayed and she curséd, in fits of the moment
And clasping the living, said “ *We* will not part.”

But long ere the beams, in the dawn of the morning
Commingled to tell to the world that the king
Of daylight was coming, the child on her bosom
Said “ Mother I dreamt such a beautiful thing :

I dreamt little sister all smiling and happy ,
Came down from above like a star from the sky
With water to drink—Oh so cool and refreshing—
And streams of fresh water ran murmuring by.

“ I thought you were fainting ; your lips were all
swollen ;
And sister bent down with a draught from the
stream ;
You drank, and the waters and you were in
laughter—
We all were so happy just then in my dream.

Oh why ! gentle mother, has sister departed ?
And where are the streams, and the birds, and the
sound
Of laughter and singing ? All gone ? Have they
vanished
Forever ?”—and silence reigned deeply around.

IV.

Three skeletons bleach in the sun, and the moonlight
Where loneliness reigns ; and the summer's hot
breath
Hath softened to Autumn's ; they fondle together
Enfolded in love, in the stillness of death.



WEARINESS TO DREAMING.

 was weary; truly weary—
 And o'er me hovered sleep;
 A sunny day and many near me,
 Laughing as the ripples sweep
 Across a sunlit sea.

All was brightness, all was joy,
 A merry sweet tranquility;
 As when the morning hours decoy
 The birds from slumbers in the vale,
 And gold, and red, and purple pale,
 Infil the air and kiss the clouds
 And burnish yonder mountain shrouds,
 Till, from the flowery fountains, balm
 Spreads through each zephyr, resting calm;
 And music from a thousand boughs
 Floats higher than the mountain brows;
 And, like a land seen in our dreams,
 The vale all robed in glory seems.

Yet I was weary, truly weary,
 And I fain would sleep;
 For all this mirth
 To me made earth
 More solemn, sad, and dreary;
 And for a smile,
 I felt the while,
 My heart would rather weep.

Oh why hast thou broken thy vows
Like an avalanche cleft by the sun?
Art thou as the maid who allows
Her affections to every one?

I saw the lover's walk alone
Among the ferns forever green,
And rest them on a sloping stone
Where once the brooklet's flow had been.

Now, higher up the waters glide
With murmurs to the vale below;
And babbling by the lover's side
With graceful curvings softly flow.

Oh how I envied them their lot—
Those lovers—where the soft sounds played;
And where enchantment wooed the spot,
And no fierce sunbeams pierced the shade.

Alas! I knew that once could I
Have pressed a maiden to my heart:
Whilst she vowed love—Oh loving lie—
And now we are for aye—apart!

Oh can it be,
So heartlessly,
A maid can vow?
One day decree
To die for me—
And hate me *now*?

Ah no! I'll not believe she hates;
She but forgets.
A victim to the changeful fates—
My love-sun sets!

But I was weary, aye! so weary
That I sighed for sleep;
And sleep was near me,
But would not hear me:
Naught else could cheer me
In my sorrow deep.

I wandered back on fancy's flight
To where my memory ever
Delights to live again the night
We stood beneath the moonbeam's light,
And from her eyes, with lustre bright,
I drank her soul in sweet delight;
And when she softly whispered "*Never*
Shall aught e'er come, my love, to sever
Thy heart and mine, mine's true *forever!*"

"Forever true!—forever thine!"
Oh falsehood once I deemed divine!

Laugh, little children; laugh and shout,
Be cheerful light and gay;
Go chase the butterfly about—
You are as free as they;
Your little eyes must be without
One shadow of dismay:
For know my children, not a doubt
There comes another day,
When youthful glee—e'en like a scout
Whose home is far away,

And captured on his fatal route
Needs not for pity pray,
But yields unto the foemen stout
Who sneer the while they slay—
When youthful glee shall have its drought :
Care slays its happy lay !
So let your merriment roll out
And every wish obey ;
To-morrow shall grim sorrow lout
To clutch your bliss away,

Oh heaven ! *I* were a child once more !
That I
Could live that happy season o'er,
Or die !

Childhood, happy childhood, seems
Season when we *live* our dreams,
And know not it is so ;
Not a single care can ride
On one wave of childhood's tide,
And not a single woe.

Like the flowers that grow in Spring,
Sweetly, slowly, opening
Their colours to the sun ;
Childhood chaste and pure as these,
Pouring gladness on the breeze,
Is sweet to everyone.

But childhood's laughter made me sore
Upon that day ;
For well I knew my peace was o'er—

That *I* could be a child no more !
That happy lay,
Like murmurs on forsaken shore,
Had died away !

So I was weary, truly weary ;
And at last I fell asleep
Upon the grass, the sun made seary,
Where green plants around me creep.

I fell into a pleasant slumber
To the music of the birds,
And sound of voices without number
Blending all their joyous words.

And at each lull I heard the sighing
Of the zephyrs through the trees ;
And liquid music, slowly dying
From the brooklet, in the breeze.

Then softer, and yet softer o'er me,
Rested all the outer world.
I sank, like fading beams of glory,
On a couch by fairies pearled.

And then my eyes I opened lightly
To another world than this ;
And all in beauty shone so brightly
That, to look alone, were bliss.

Then coming from the eastward slowly,
Like the rising of a star,
In lustre mild, and pure, and holy,
Shining on me from afar,

I saw a form in human outline,
Turning its sweet face to me ;
And as it neared it seemed to outshine
All the beauties I could see.

Oh ! how my heart did bound with gladness
When it came in fuller view—
It was the face, suffused with sadness,
Of my lover, seeming true.

Her tender eyes did seem to chide me ;
Then her hand pressed on her heart,
And as she placed herself beside me,
Something whispered " Can we part ? "

Oh ! all enraptured did I listen
More to hear, nor waited long ;
For soon her eyes began to glisten,
And her lips to move in song :—

" Oh ! why doth my lover sorrow
To fret his good heart now away ?
For love, there's never to-morrow—
For love is eternal ' to-day.' "

I come to thy side to cheer thee
And bid thee to weep never more ;
For ever I'll linger near thee
To love, as in hours of yore.

My heart is as true as ever,
And ever as true it shall be ;
And never, my love, ah ! never,
Shall love be for other than thee."

Here I looked into her eyes,
 Lit by fire from out the skies;
 She responded with a look;
 Every nerve within me shook :—

“ The winds may wander from earth;
 The ocean may pass away;
 And childhood forfeit its mirth,
 And light may forsake the day;
 But my love is as true
 As the sky that is blue!
 I'll be true, my love, true unto thee!
 Nor by night, nor by day,
 Shall affection decay,
 But true shall be ever to thee!”

She looked a Goddess as she sang,
 For music from each gesture rang;
 And more enraptured yet I heard
 The music of the final word :—

“ When the shadows of night come o'er thee
 I'll be there, by thy side, I'll be there;
 When the day has broken before thee,
 I'll be there, by thy side, I'll be there.
 'Mid joy and 'mid woe,
 Wherever thou go,
 I'll be with thee everywhere.

Whatever thy fears,—
 No matter what tears
 May flow, from a heavy heart;
 This treasure be thine
 As it will be mine
 'Tis this—*We never can part!*
 'Tis this—*We never can part!*”

Sleep lifted her balm from my eyelids ;
Her magic was gone ; and the air
Seemed laughing at me and my vision ;
I wept, and I writhed in despair.

The world is mine again ! O cruel world,
Where hopes, then disappointments are unfurled
In quick succession to the heart ! We think
One brief sweet day we can forever drink
The blissful waters from the fount of love ;
To-morrow sterile doth the fountain prove,
Or sprays its waters to yet other lips !
Hopeless the man whose thrilling love cup dips
To lift love-waters to his thirsting heart

And lifts it empty. Yea ! and such am I !
We are two strangers—love and I must part.

Why did I wake again ? Could not I die
And yet the world have been just as of old ?
It needs me not ; I am not food not gold
That it should shed one tear to find me gone.
And as I live it shuns me—I'm alone !
A moral sense compels me now to live,
Else would I ashes unto ashes give
And sink to everlasting rest. But thou !—
Great Nature !—Wherefore did'st thou wake me

now

To plunge me into disappointments yet——
To bid me live and not the past forget ?
I do not thank thee, for thou art unjust :
'Twere better did my mem'ry sleep in dust.



THE JEWISH MAIDEN.


WAKE! all Israel's descendants,
 And quit the land of Spain!
 This morn—our queen hath
 spoken—
 You leave, or you are slain.

The Christian sword is scarlet
 With blood poured from your sires,
 And yonder for your martyrs,
 There blaze the faggot fires.

If but you wait till sunset
 Upon the soil of Spain,
 No more the morning sunshine
 Shall gladden you again.

Go wander in the deserts!
 Go drown you in the sea!
 Go climb the mountain fastness
 And brave fatality!

For Isabel hath spoken:—
 “Expel all Jews from Spain;
 I call upon all Christians
 To see that none remain;

And all who will not hearken
 Must meet a sudden end:
 For thus—as faithful Christian—
 My God I will defend.”

That day was full of sorrow,
Of weeping and distress;
Of broken hearts and tortures,
Of woe and bitterness.

Then night fell on a village
Where dwelt a Jewish maid,
Who loved a Christian gallant
And loved him unbetrayed.

The two, together, fearful,
Stood talking on that day,
Beneath the weeping willows
That marked the river's way.

"I hear the rabble marching"
The maiden softly said,
"Dear love, if they but find us,
Remember thou—the dead."

"Nay, sweet, I'll *not* remember."
The lover kind replied,
"For Death shall bind together
The hearts that Faiths divide."

I fear not Christian foemen,
Though Christian sires have I;
I love thee, Jewish maiden,
And for thy love I'll die.

For is not love supremely
The monarch of the heart?
Above all faiths and nations?
Then why should lovers part,

E'en though the Gods they worship
Should wage a lasting war?
For is not love more sacred
Than Gods that dwell afar?

No, no, my dark-eyed maiden,
I'll leave thee not in death;
Alive, or lifeless, love—winds
Shall fan us with their breath."

Scarce had he finished speaking.
When stalwart Spaniards came.
And of the maid demanded
Her nation and her name.

"I am of Judah's children"
Fearless spake the maid,
"And worship God Jehovah,
Whose hand to-day is stayed:

Else would he pour out vengeance
On those who shed the blood
Of His once chosen children,
For faiths not understood."

"Thou heretic! base Jewess!"
The rabble shouted high,
"Haste, hurl her to the waters,
And let the faithless die!"

"Stand back! ye cruel rebels"
The lover then outspoke,
"Is this your faithful conduct?
The spirit you invoke?"

I thought you all were Christians,
 Believing God is love ;
 That Charity, of virtues
 Stands all the rest above.

I thought your faith was peaceful ;
 Goodwill to all mankind ;
 Forgiveness as a duty
 Stored up in heart and mind.

I do denounce such Christians,
 And will renounce my Creed,
 And die among the faithless
 If *yours* be faith indeed."

"Then thou shalt die most speedy !"
 And then with cruel blow,
 With forehead cut and bleeding,
 They laid the lover low.

Ere Death his work completed,
 They hurled him from the bank,
 And in the solemn waters
 His bleeding body sank.

"And now for thee thou Jewess !"
 The mob addressed the maid ;
 But ere the men could seize her
 She to her God had prayed,

And leapt into the waters
 To share her lover's grave ;
 To sleep with him forever
 Beneath the crystal wave.

Above them wound the circles
 That rippled to each shore ;
 And then they rose, embracing,
 Entwined for evermore.

They rose, and sank, so often
 Within each other's arms,
 That those who watched grew weary
 And left to death their charms.

Then on the flowing river,
 So crystal, pure, and calm ;
 With faces turned to heaven
 And soothed with loving balm,

The lovers floated gently,
 Beneath the moon's soft beams,
 As though the two were sleeping
 And wooing in their dreams.

And, if a God in heaven
 Exists to see that sight,
 He must have cursed religion,
 That cursed the two that night.



HOME.

DEAR Home, the spot where love has
 shone ;
 Where hearts together beat as one ;
 Where sympathy and peace do reign,
 And joys unspeakable remain.

Thou art the Pharos in the sea
That, 'mid the raging storms that be,
Stands firm, defiant to the wind—
To ocean's forces fierce and blind.
Without—the tempest's howling din,
And calm and peace to all within.

The mariner on stormy wave
Who, fainting, toils his barque to save,
Sees through the gloom the beacon light,
And by its aid he steers aright.
So light of Home on life's dark sea,
Shines through the gloom of misery;
And e'en though homeless we may steer,
By Home's soft light and hopeful cheer,
To where no storms can give us fear—
Where love reigns deep in hearts sincere.



TALE OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

A DIALOGUE.

He—A cursed fate hangs over me my child—
I e'en must call thee as thou first beguiled,
And taught me how to love a gem so pure.
Could I be free, no star this night were truer
As guide, unto the trusting ships at sea
Than my fond heart should be this hour to thee.
But a cloud without a shape and wanting name
Obscures my love and chills its rising flame.

She—Like yon tall peaks whose brows we seldom see,
Since clouds cling round their necks in ecstasy—
All lofty love is so embraced.

He— Ah sweet!
I feel it more the every time we meet
We ought not meet again.

She— You are unkind.
Since you have raised a tempest from the wind—
As gentle as a zephyr when we met—
To bid the tempest die in mournful fret.

He—(*Striking his heart*). But here's a secret!

She— Breath it unto me,
That my imprisoned heart may hence go free;
Or from this moment throw away the key
And be love's captive to eternity.

He—Thou art a child too innocent to hear.

She—I am a woman love when thou art near.

He—Then tell me first with unsuspecting tongue
How thy sweet childish heart its song hath sung,
To teach thee how to love so rude a man
As I?

She—I know not how my love began,
But I have felt it grow when I have seen
How deep thy heart for suffering; how keen
Thy eyes for sorrow! When the lowly poor
Have lifted up distressful voices o'er

Dark fateful misery and misfortune's hand;
 And when no voice within my fatherland
 Could offer even pity, it was thou,
 The foreigner, who bravely taught them how
 To claim a manhood, and their labors share—
 To clutch from luxury the due of care.
 And when invasion's monarchs—tyrant kings—
 Were like the cruel bird that joyful sings
 Whilst standing o'er its prey that writhes in death,
 I heard thy voice in praises or the breath
 Of white-robed Liberty! I heard thy cry—
 "Let us be free! or fighting tyrants die!"
 And I remember how thy manly tears
 Fell quickly, when a woman bent with years—
 A lonely widow—sauntered slowly on
 To follow to the grave her only son.
 These tokens showed a noble heart,
 And bade the love from mine to start.

He—Thy love is like the tiny drop of dew,
 In which the heaven's reflected we may view.
 But let the sunbeams find this crystal orb
 And they itself and all its heavens absorb.
 I am no hero such as thou would'st paint,
 And it were well to give thy love restraint.
 Hear me, my child. 'Tis many years ago
 Since, one December's night, amid the snow
 I wandered with my father from the town.
 We came upon a beggar lying down,
 Half covered by the sheet of crystallised white
 The clouds had strewn above her form that night.
 Upon her bosom, close unto her skin,
 She clasped her child. 'Twas dead; and she, within
 The space we stooped to lift her head, had passed
 Into the dreamless sleep, we knew her last.

My father at that solemn moment stood
 With head uncovered, in a prayerful mood :
 "It is the will of God" he said, and I
 Said "God stands thus accused by those who lie
 His helpless victims here this bitter night."
 "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"
 My father quickly asked, for he was grieved
 By my reply. "Be not, my sire deceived"
 I ventured on, "How can that God be wise
 Or good, who makes this night a sacrifice
 Of sinless babe upon its mother's breast?"
 My father's eyes flashed fire, his lips compressed,
 And he upheld his clenched fist in air.
 "My Son," he hoarsely shrieked, "how canst thou
 dare
 In Death's grim presence thus blaspheme? Come—
 kneel
 Upon the shrouding snow and pray to feel
 God over thee, and thank him for this deed."
 "Nay! rather for rebellion I will bleed
 Than thank him for this mother's bloodless death."
 And then my father struck me, and his breath
 Hurl'd words of anger, sinking to my heart.
 I did myself forget, and 'neath the smart
 His passion gave, returned my father's blow.
 He fell, and rolled to torrent depths below.

(She starts).

You start, and yet believe I tried to save
 My hasty father from this awful grave;
 But all in vain—the waters swept him on!
 I stood a moment breathless, like to one
 The Gods have doomed—all in this world alone.
 I gazed upon the silent dead that prone

re sleeping in the snow ; I heard the stream
t rushed with more than madness of a dream,
l then, I felt a man accursed and lost !
d—as if by mocking demons tossed—
m out my native land.—— I now return
wn rich and great, and anxious am to learn
et my mother lives, that I may be
on to *her*. My wealth is hers as free
justice must be mine. My child you weep !
for my father's death.

— Nay that he lives ?

—He lives ?

— Thy story in the pain it gives
ces me feel unnatural.

— But tell me more !

— That night thy sire was saved, and here
am I—

—What? Speak !

— His youngest daughter and am thy——

—Sister! Oh what joy is this. Now from hence
love shall be my sorrow's recompense.



BY THE STREAM.


 WHEN a stream,
 Like a dream,
 Flows deep
 In the gloom—
 To the tomb
 Of sleep.

From the light
 To the night
 Rolls on ;
 To the shade
 Of the glade
 Is gone,

Where no ray
 Of the day
 E'er shines,
 But the grim
 Gloomy stream
 Repines ;

Where the fall
 Of the pall
 Of night
 Never lifts—
 Never shifts
 To light,

I oft think
From the brink—
 Deep, deep!—
Oh! how sweet
Were the feat
 To leap.

Borne along
With its song
 To gloom!—
Not a breath!
Still as death!—
 To doom.

Not a tear
Falleth here
 For me.
So I die
Without sigh
 Or glee.



THOUGHTS ON THE BEACH AT BONDI

AH! waves from the ocean that circle our
planet,
 I muse as I listen and watch you outpour
Your surf on the beach in murmurs and
 wailings,
Like laughter and sorrow coming home to the
shore.

Like shadows in Autumn, fast chasing eath other
 You roll, and you die with a sigh at my feet—
 A sigh of the child, and the bride, and the dying ;
 Like sadness of dreaming--so solemn and sweet.

You lave the fair islands that sleep on your bosom
 And continents frowning far over the foam ;
 You bear moving ships and hope-freighted vessels—
 And have you a message from thence wafted home ?

Ah, yes ! you have brought to my vision the living
 That battle in tempests with anger-built waves ;
 And oh ! I believe that your dirges are mocking
 Your boundless expanse of unvisited graves.



THE SPIRITS OF THE GLEN.

T was a glorious Summer day,
 And haunts of men were far away ;
 But round me waved the shady trees
 In undulations to the breeze.

I lay me down beside a stream
 That alternate twixt shade and gleam
 In ripples musical flowed on.
 It was of hours, the sweetest one
 That heart of man could wish.
 The air was pregnant with the harmonies
 Of birds and insects, brook and trees ;

And perfumes from a thousand flowers
Commingled their delightful showers
Till one might deem the gentle wind
A sea of incense unconfined,
Whose tides are but the swell and lull
Of fragrance, pure, and sweet, and full.

Where I reposed a velvet bed
Of lowly, smiling, flowers was spread.
How soft and yielding they did seem,
When, fresh and cool from out the stream,
I spread my unclothed figure prone,
And fancied earth was mine alone !

Full many a song of bird uprose,
Which scarcely softened to a close,
Ere distant arbors, far around,
Would echo back the joyous sound.
So swelled these treble notes, whilst low
The insects murmured, like the flow
Of music from a harp, or dream.
All vocal nature sought to teem
Her sweetest notes on softest airs.
Here freedom reigned from mortal cares.

Scarce had I so concluded, when
A solemn silence marked the glen.
The birds, the insects, brooks and trees,
The sighing whispers of the breeze,
And every murmur, sound or spell,
Breathed through the silence a farewell.

I marvelled greatly at the change
So unexpected, awful, strange,
That it oppressed my happy heart.
I rose my head : " Oh man depart ! "
Came to my ears in voice so sweet
That it had charmed me to my feet.

Half-rising from the crystal clear
I saw a female form, that near
The lowly bank seemed floating by.
Half-formed she was, for my quick eye
Could but discern from waist to crown—
No limbs she had from thither down.
Around her head a crown of weeds
And creeping plants—whose nature needs
The waters for a habitat—
Upon her snowy forehead sat
And mingled with her streaming hair—
Black as her skin was lily fair.
Who shall describe those gentle eyes ?
Or who the music of her sighs,
That rose from out a bust of snow
Which trembled with a sense of woe !
What grace of motion, and what charms
O'ercame me, as she raised her arms
So to arrange her crown ! A sight
As of a goddess pure, and bright,
And perfect—more than man could dream,
Full-formed ascended from the stream.

I cast my eyes adown, for she
Was gracefully approaching me.
And when I dared to look again
Behold she led a num'rous train ;

Some beautiful as she, but all
So fair, so graceful, and withal
So modest, that all human kind
In contrast are a world behind.

And lo ! I heard about my feet
Cries like infants' ; sadly sweet!
I turned me round, and weeping there
Saw, tiny, beautiful and fair,
A group of creatures, clasping arms
As if in dread of fresh alarms.

" Oh man depart ! "—she first I saw
" Oh man depart ! " The rest echo !
" Depart ! " And though the sound
Was sweet, it filled the glen around !

" I am the spirit of the stream,
And for long ages, as I deem,
I have been free to sing and flow
Away from sounds of human woe."

" I am the spirit of the wood,
That love to dwell in solitude."

" And of the flowers we spirits are,
Whose loveliness you mortals mar."

" I of the plant that creeps the ground
Where human footsteps ne'er are found ;

" And I am spirit of the gleam,
A sister spirit to the stream."

And thus I heard them one by one
Announce themselves, in such a tone
As tokened woe and fear combined,
And woke compassion in my mind.

“Hear me, oh man !” the spirit said
That rose from out her flowing bed,
“And having heard depart.
Ere, of creation forming part,
Man trod this planet, learn that we—
The spirits of the land and sea—
Were unopposed, and knew no foe.
The flower could breathe, the stream could flow,
The tree its verdant branches spread,
The daisy lift its modest head,
The plant, the shrub, the moss, the grass,
All freely grow ; but now, alas !
Wherever man his presence takes
He brings our death, and rudely makes
The earth a victim to his greed.
Once he appears the flowery mead,
The woodlands on the sunny slope,
And I, and all, without one hope,
Must turn his slaves, or droop and die.
Hear how the passing zephyrs sigh ;
They bear that sorrow from the vale,
Where once a thousand forms lived hale,
And joyous danced from morn till eve !
But man compelled them all to leave.
Some grieving to the mountains fled,
Some to the seas, and some are dead.
No stream, no tree, no flower can be
Where axe and plough and scythe, we see !
So mortal, if thou hast a heart,
These spirits hear, and hence depart.”

“Depart! depart!” arose on high,
As if despair impelled the cry.

Just then the last rays of the day
Had melted in the East away ;
And spirits faded from my sight
As sunbeams merge in shades of night.
I clothed myself, and deep in thought
I wondered at my vision fraught
With lessons truly, such as I
Might scarcely hope to profit by.
This lesson chief I took to heart :—
Man is of nature but a part ;
Each part is living—beautiful ;
Man should to each be dutiful.



AN INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE damp, cold, dungeons of the France
Of Louis Sixteenth's time
Had lost the semblance of romance
And gloominess sublime ;
Not to suppress, but to enhance,
Did they encompass crime,

Men, maddened by the days of woe
Their fathers long had borne,
Were anxious to return the blow
That fell in times forlorn ;
And their true foeman did not know
At Freedom's early morn.

Hence, as a man in darkness fights
Grim creatures of the gloom,
And to the air proclaims his rights
When dusky shadows loom,
France waged a battle in her nights—
With all night's evil doom.

Yet needful was that bitter strife
Which men for freedom bore;
For tyrants still retained the knife
That dripped with human gore:
And men remembered that sad life
Their fathers led of yore.

But in the prison yards this day
Revenge is driven mad!
'Tis only over blood, that they—
The butchers—now are glad;
And loud they laugh when grim dismay
Comes o'er the victims sad.

They slip upon the gory damp,
Like drunkards filled with wine;
And to and fro their clumsy tramp
Is through a blood divine:
Ne'er yet pitched war his fatal camp
In such a bloody mine!

And tender women whose soft hands
Erstwhile but kindness showed,
Collect, like demon driven bands
From whom all good is mowed,
And spread the court with straw and sands
That blood has overflowed.

They cheer each murder as 'tis done,
 And bring their husbands wine
 To give them strength till they have done
 Their murders and rapine.
 Oh! woman let no more the sun
 O'er such dread madness shine!

Two captives waited through this scene
 To learn their dreaded fate;
 A maiden and her father e'en—
 Though waiting separate.
 For her good natures intervene
 And she may pass the gate.

But no! she will not leave, but stays
 Amid the carnage dire;
 She but her filial heart obeys
 In watching for her sire,
 And fainteth not through long delays
 Of vengeance and of ire.

Oftimes the sabres raised in air
 And pikes aimed at her heart,
 But she was so surpassing fair
 That back they all would start;
 For beauty to the murderer
 Did Charity impart!

At length out stepped her father bold
 In prison garments dressed:
 His head was hoary; he was old—
 This half his crime confessed.
 "Condemned to death!" *Mon Dieu!* Behold
 His daughter's silky breast!

Behold her as she bravely stands
 Before her kneeling sire,
 And by her presence there commands
 The sabres to retire !
 Who dares employ his bloody hands
 To quench her life of fire ?

Assassins staggered by the sight
 Shrank from her gaze with awe ;
 And felt that from her stole a light
 Their icy hearts to thaw,
 And whilst they would not yield to fright,
 Sweet *Pity* spake her law.

“ Mercy, aye Mercy ! ” cried the crowd,
 “ Let now the two go free ! ”
 In such a manner had she cowed—
 By her stout bravery—
 The men, who through the day had vowed
 Her father’s blood to see.

The captain of the ruffian crew
 Thus spake unto his men :—
 “ What proof can this be unto you,
 That they are free from stain ?
 A love for kings now hid from view
 May speak to-night again.

Some surer pledge to Liberty
 Must she at once avow ;
 Or her old sire shall not go free—
 I swear it by my brow !
 Some outward token we must see
 She hates all Kings from now.”

Then o'er the maiden's heart there pass
 Faint fears not understood
 But still to save her sire, alas !
 She must do as they would !
 "The sign ?" she asked—"To drink this glass
 Of fresh-spilled human blood."

"Give me the glass !" she firmly said ;
 How nobly did she stand !
 "Here father to your living head
 I drink as they command :
 This blood shall save you from the dead—
 'Tis gone !—good sire your hand."

"*Vive ! Vive La Liberte*" was sent
 With joy upon the air,
 As over her her father bent
 Her lovely form to bear ;
 And as they out together went
 Each heart was thankful there.



BUDDHA'S LESSON.

H Buddha ! thine it was with great amaze
 To stand upon the banks and weeping gaze
 Upon the surging flow of pain and strife :
 Of age, disease, and death—the stream of life !

What recompense that snowy flowers should grow
Upon the banks, to mark the water's flow ?
What mete reward that summer paths of gold
Should sometimes o'er the chilly stream unfold ?
What counteracting joy that one might dream
All things were peaceful, save life's solemn stream ?
On-rushing, surging, *that* has never rest ;
By conflicts ever is the stream opprest,
And doomed to flow in suff'ring to the sea—
Whose shores are in the dark eternity.
It is a ceaseless conscious mocking flow
Of anguish, wrecks, despair, turmoil, and woe.

Good Schopenhaur thou art, within this stream,
A tiny drop ; but speaking with a theme
Where every drop has language in thy tongue,
And mourns its dirge in wailings of thy song !
As dewdrops may be mirrors of the lake,
So may'st thy heart with others' sorrows break ;
And as a note upon one harp, though low,
That note were still from thousands should it flow,
So is thy music of despair the same
As though from every human heart it came.

Sad, sad the lot of man to know all bliss
Is but illusion—naught is real but this
Sad flow of disappointments and despair
That wait on hope and pleasure everywhere !
But yet to bear it bravely, manfully—
E'en though illusion should the virtue be—
Was Buddha's lesson ; yea of all who saw,
With weeping eyes, life's promiseless onflow.

For though to suffer is the lot of all,
 There is the whisper, that at last we fall
 To sleep, where slumber has no haunting dream
 Of troubles, nobly borne, in life's sad stream ;
 And duty bravely done a dream to others is—
 Which in a life may take a moment's bliss !



YOUR WORDS ARE SAVIORS.



H, do you know how many fall
 For want of kindness ?
 You are not cruel, yet, withal,
 You live in blindness.

You do not see how many need
 A word to cheer them ;
 A thousand hearts whilst breaking plead—
 You do not hear them !

One word, one kindly deed, one glance
 May lift the sinking,
 And blend two hearts in hopes sweet trance
 With love-hands linking ;

And yet that word is oft with-held
 By those who think not ;
 And thus the sinking are repelled
 By those who sink not.

How easy then to chide and blame
Our fallen brothers ;
But let us think how much their shame
Is due to others ;

Is due to us,—for are not we,
Like them, but mortals ?
And might we not from misery
Have ope'd their portals ?

The road to ruin wider grows ;
Its hills grow steeper ;
The wind of Fate, aye stronger blows
To hurl them deeper,

When once they fall upon the track
Of shame or folly ;
And at each step returning back
Lurks Melancholy.

But rivers grow from tiny springs,
And life's a river ;
One word may fix the course it wings—
And *you* its giver !

Oh think what you might do, if when
A brother wavers
You spake a kindly word ; for then
Your words are saviors.



THE BATTLE OF VALMY.

ORSES stamp, and cannon rattle ;
Loudly sounds the tramp of battle :
Hoist the flag of Liberty !
Prussian hosts around you spreading
Like a phalanx. Nothing dreading,
Frenchmen show them you are free !

See the hills of La Lune quaver
With your foemen ! Are you braver ?
Then be true to Liberty !
On they come in rank and column,
Marching slowly, silent, solemn,
Like a tidal wave at sea.

Kellerman be brave, though cumbered
In thy vantage, and outnumbered
By the foes of Liberty !
France is waiting for a story
She may write on scroll of glory,
And she looks for this to thee.

Boom and boom ! The balls are flying !
Soldiers in the ranks are dying—
Foes and friends to Liberty !
Valmy and La Lune are shaking,
With their hill-flanks torn and breaking—
Torn by ball and musketry.

In a lull war's profusion
Kellerman beholds confusion
 To the foes of Liberty ;
On he charges like a swollen
Flood of courage. He has fallen !
 Nay, his horse ! but he is free !

On ! De Chatres, gallop faster
To the rescue of thy master—
 Waving flag of Liberty !
Check the onslaught of the foemen :
With thy courage over-awe them :
 Clutch the laurel Victory !

Ah, but now be courage higher
To resist the marching fire
 Aimed at youthful Liberty !
Spur you onward neighing horses !
Frenchmen shall resist your forces,
 And their France shall still be free !

Kellerman is forward bending,
Speaks—is from his horse descending—
 Grasps the flag of Liberty !
“Off lead my steed,” he cries defiant,
“Soldiers be ye brave, reliant,
 Yours this hour is victory.”

Then the Frenchmen calmly waited
Through the fire, that unabated,
 Sought to conquer Liberty !
Nearer, and yet nearer, coming—
Prussian cannon loudly booming—
 Yet the Frenchmen will not flee !

“For Fatherland!” Hark, ’tis soaring
More loud than battle, like the roaring
Of the winds for Liberty!
’Tis the cry of France enchanted;
Of her sons in war undaunted—
Glorious in bravery!

See the Prussian hosts retreating!
France her enemies defeating!
Hoist the flag of Liberty!
Kellerman has wrought his story,
And to France he gives the glory—
Let his name remembered be.



GOOD BYE, IF I AM LOVED NO MORE.

GOOD bye if I am loved no more.
I have no hate, no blame for thee;
Sweet, like a child all men adore,
If love have fettered—be thou free.

Our lives, like branching roads, apart
May grow the further till they end;
May thine reap treasures for the heart—
I wish thee well! I am thy *friend*.

My broken thoughts are like my mind
Racked by the tortures of this hour!
Thou art the cause, untrue, yet kind,
In plucking without thought the flower.

I rather I had never seen
Thy girlish beauty filled with glee ;
Yet happy has each moment been
Since first I met, dear girl, with thee.

But now that oasis of bliss,
Fades like a vision from my sight ;
A desert looms, and over this,
There spreads the gloominess of night.

But through it all my memory
Will not forget the butterfly,
That kindly came to dazzle me
As from a gentle summer sky.

If ever life should press thee ill
When youth or love desert those eyes,
I pray thee think that I am still
A friend, whose friendship never dies.

Grant me this favor, though we part,
That needing help or sympathy
Thou wilt not then despise the heart
So faithful and so true to thee.

“ Good bye ”—I pain by wishing well ;—
But yet I cannot help implore
From out the fragments of the “ spell,”
Thy *mem’ry* for the *love* of yore.



WHO CAN LAUGH BUT THE LITTLE CHILD.

 HE gentle spring hastes on to summer heat ;
 Then Autumn vans the tardy winter's frost ;
 The modest flower, dispensing fragrance sweet
 To weary way-men in their copse retreat,
 And pleased Peace, like strangers we accost
 A moment stay—then are forever lost.

Dreams, like the stars upon the early night
 That pierce the grey that mantles o'er the sky,
 Come sweetly with a wooing of delight
 And trance us with the beauty of the sight :
 Then like a robber with our gold they fly—
 Born but to live, that living they might die.

A calm ! Oh do not joy ; this calm at sea
 But Siren-like allures the sailors on.
 It now sits brooding on a storm to be,
 When waves shall leap to life portentously—
 E'en at the absence of the wakeful sun—
 To slay, like Titans fierce, each helpless one.

Our dearest hopes like spring-time swallows wing,
 Their buoyant flight o'er lake and mount and dell ;
 And like the lark, the while they rise they sing—
 Such charm of music hath their promising—
 Till, like the swallows, loth with us to dwell,
 They leave without regret—without farewell.

Oh ! youthful love that peers from dreamy eyes
Like moonlight stealing through a fleecy cloud ;
That mounts unfettered to the purest skies
And shines to win and light the living prize
That puffs thy spirit and doth make thee proud,
Forbear !—thy prize shall one day wear a shroud.

The rosy cheeks, the sweet red lips, the hand
As white as snow upon a marble bust ;
The voice as potent as bewitching wand ;
The form whose beauties can the gods command,
Like thawing ice ignore our deepest trust ;
And, whilst we worship, fade away to dust.

Go in the forest in the Autumn time
And watch each leaflet leap upon the wind,
Till trees are bare and summer growths sublime
Have decked the earth with colors rich and prime,
While Autumn flies and death remains behind !
'Tis thus—e'en when that forest is the mind.

Say who can laugh but the little child,
Or the lovers plunged in the old, old dream ;
Or men deluded by a faith defiled—
By falsehood, sweeping like a tempest wild
O'er the Eolian, of the heart, that seemed
Dead in its life till it was thus redeemed ?

I sit and watch the rolling billows sweep
From out the main into a gloomy cave ;
Thence falling to a mine forever deep
They cease to surge, but pass to solemn sleep.
Here death through ages loves himself to lave.
The waves—are mortals ; and the mine—the grave.

WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS?

WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS?

WHERE are the friends who once spake to me kindly—
Who swore by their souls to forgive and forget
Gone the same moment that sorrows do find me :
Aye gone the first moment that trials are met.

Where are the smiles that of old were my portion—
The smiles that gave comfort and pleasure and cheer ?
Vanished away 'fore the clouds of misfortune
Like birds that migrate when the winter is near.

Where are the vows, that should ever a sorrow
Need heart's consolation, that heart should be found ?
Like to the night at the glance of the morrow
They fade and are gone ere my sorrows abound.

Friendship of summer, and bright sunny days,
That sympathy offers when need is of none,
E'en like the kiss of a Judas betrays
And crushes the heart that such kisses have won!



AWAKE MY LOVE.

AWAKE my love, from the land of dreams
And list to a lover's song ;
Come show thy face in the gentle beams
That dance o'er the waves along.

For soft the night, and the winds are still,
And Cynthia smiles above,
And perfumes sweet from the flowerets fill
The heart that awaits thy love!

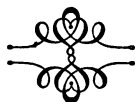
NATURE'S REST.

F all your friends desert you go
And seek the lowly flower;
Its fragrance is for you as much
As for a King; your lips may touch
Its velvet for its dower;

And it shall yield you of its store
Of bloom, and incense sweet,
Though you be lowly as a slave,
And shunned as mortals shun the grave,
When adverse winds you meet.

Ah! yes the choruses of winds
That sigh through forest trees,
And of the brooklets as they flow,
And birds that warble sweet and low,
Are full of melodies.

Alone with Nature! Who can tell
The bliss that fills the breast,
When far from all that angers man,
Or racks his heart with cares, he can
With Nature find his rest.



WHEN I'M ALONE ON THE SEA.

ILD is the night, for never a breath
Moves on the deep far at sea ;
Islands of shadows, silent as death,
Sail o'er the waves to the lee.

Lazily onward drifteth the barque ;
Bearing me far from the shore,
That in our wake, all gloomy and dark,
Raptured my lady-love bore.

Lonely I stand, as deep in the night
Travel my glance and my heart,
Back on the paths of silvery light—
Wondering how we could part.

Cynthia smiling through the white clouds
Kisseth the ripples with beams ;
Night all their lustre gloomily shrouds
Leaving a path for my dreams.

Light is the path—soft glowing and still ;
Sweet doth my spirit's desire
Waft me in dreams with pinions of will
Swift o'er the path of sea-fire,

To steal from thy lips, just one tender kiss
Dreaming, my love, I'm with thee !
Think of the joy and cheer of such bliss
When I'm alone on the sea.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.



THE morning breaks : Awake my men !
The red bright sun had flashed his eye :
The hill-tops laugh : To war again !
Let every son of Ammon die ! ”

At Jephthah's voice uprose from earth
A mighty army clad for war ;
From tent, or cavern, hasted forth
The multitudes from near and far.

And gath'ring on the tented field,
They flash their lances in the sun :
A signal that to him they yield
The glories of the war begun.

His priests with Jephthah even now
Are kneeling to the golden East,
To pray the Sun-god to allow
Success, to his commanding priest.

Now Jephthah rises to his feet
And lifts to heaven his hopeful brow :
The trumpet sounds : the war drums beat :
Impetuous Jephthah hastes to vow :—

“ Oh hear me God, thou orb of day !
Grant Ammon may this day be cursed ;
And victory mine, to Thee I'll slay
What from my home shall meet me first.

When we return in jubilee,
To find our home our Paradise,
What meets me first, I'll slay for thee;
And offer as a sacrifice."

The priest who heard cried "Be it so!
The Lord hath heard : now to the fight!"
And then they battled with the foe,
From that bright morning till the night.

"The battle's thine!" the priest proclaimed,
"The Lord rewards thee for thy vow;
To-morrow Mispheh shall be famed
And honored of the world be thou."

A Minnith camping for the night,
'Mid twenty cities of the slain,
They slept till morn had brought the light
To show them to their homes again.

Each heart was light, each eye was bright;
Each warrior shared in Jephthah's pride,
When Mispheh burst upon the sight,
And Jephthah's dwelling was espied.

"What comes to meet him?" cried they all
"God grant a creature undefiled!"
"Aye!" shrieked the priest with mocking call
"Thank God it is! Behold his child!"

There danced a maiden with black eyes,
That flashed a virgin's tender love,
With heart as pure as cloudless skies,
And love as deep as heav'n above.

• Her limbs were moulded with a grace
 That Venus would have viewed with pride ;
Her tapering arms, her gentle face,
 Were fitted for an angel bride ;

In graceful waves, her glossy hair
 Flowed gently to the wooing breeze ;
Her voice, rich, mellow, sweet, and rare,
 Was tuned her father's heart to please ;

Her tiny hands the timbrels sound ;
 The maidens round her join her glee ;
But Jephthah turned himself around,
 And struck his forehead savagely.

“ Alas ! alas ! my only child,”
 He moaned amid the tears that fell,
“ I see it now, my vow was wild !
 Can I undo ? May I rebel ? ”

“ No ! by Jehovah's holy name,
 Thou canst not so,” the priest replied,
“ Her fate is sealed as is thy fame—
 The Gods can never be defied.”

“ Then Oh ! my daughter thou must die ;
 I have so vowed it to the Lord ! ”
A cloud came o'er the maiden's eye ;
 She wept before she spake a word.

“ Oh father, as I love you, say,
 You do not jest with my poor heart ?
Forgive what wrong I've done to-day ;
 I kneel : Oh bid me not depart :

Shake not your hoary head my sire,
Nor turn your face away from me;
You know my love : then spare your ire :
Oh bid me rise : say I am free ! ”

“ My child, my child, ” ’mid sobs he spake—
And clasped her with a father’s love—
“ I know not how I can forsake
The vow the Gods have heard above. ”

“ In her dear stead, let us be slain ;
The gods will take us in her place ;
Oh let us plead not then in vain
To save our sister from disgrace. ”

“ What says the priest ? ” “ Hear maidens all !
Jehovah binds him by his vow. ”
Then forward stepped a warrior tall—
“ I’ll die for her ! Come, slay me now !

“ I am not pure as she, nor fair ;
Nor could I hope so sweet to prove ;
But for her life my breast I’ll bare,
And ask the Gods accept my love ? ”

“ Base Braggart ! ” cried the maddened priest,
“ Would’st thou have Jephthah’s vow a lie !
By that great God who rules the East,
I say again the maid must die. ”

“ Then father, if it so must be,
My life is yours ; I give it you ;
I am your child ; do right with me ;
To God, ’tis well, you should be true. ”

“ Make bare thy breast ! make bare thy breast ! ”
 “ Good priest, behold ! my breast is bare : ”
 “ Strike Jephthah as thy vow confessed ! ”
 But Jephthah yet stood weeping there.

And then the priest with deadly blow
 Stabbed his fair victim to the heart.
 Her rich warm blood began to flow
 And tear-drops from her eyes to start.

“ Good-bye, dear father ! Do not blame
 Yourself, that I must die for you ;
 ’Tis other hands have quenched the flame ;
 I know, my father’s love is true.

Good-bye : and yet again—good-bye :
 Dear father, kiss me : kiss once more :
 I love you, father, as I die ”—
 And saying so her life was o’er.



ODE TO SHELLEY.

HOW oft rare genius and wit,
 And lofty breathings of the muse
 Of poesy—whose visions flit
 On fairy wings o’er worlds profuse
 In gems of intellect and light—
 But chain us longer to the night !

How oft the fancy's flight hath led
The weary child of earth to dream
His crown of thorns, his stony bed,
His prison gloom, without one gleam
Of golden hope or Liberty—
A paradise, where he is free!

And mighty currents of rich thought—
Like rapids dashing madly on
To yawning falls, where death unsought
Doth wait his prey to pounce upon—
Sweep on our feeble minds to Fates
Where pain—or death, more kind, awaits.

But few the bards whose mighty theme
Hath been the people's shameful wrongs;
The gods, priests, monarchs, tyrants seem
The only heroes of their songs;
And poor humanity bereft
Of pleading voice, in gloom is left.

But like a wave that in the sea
Uplifts his head above his foes,
Then falls upon them crushingly
To force the level of repose,
There rose a poet's loving voice
To-bid us in our gloom rejoice.

The gold and pomp of royal show;
The splendours of a lordly race
Which birth and rank sought to bestow
To grant him honor, wealth and place,
Were unto him like hateful pelf—
For what were *they* to *man himself*?

THE SEA.

Our prison world, where toiling slaves
 Were voiceless born, in anguish kept;
 Whose only mercy—early graves;
 Whose only comfort—when they slept;
 Near broke the poet's heart, whilst he
 Sore wept to waken Liberty!

Each tear was like a magic star—
 A torch amid the gloom of night;
 And as it glittered from afar
 It swelled to freedom's mid-day light!
 Oh noble Shelley 'twas from thee
 That Freedom breathed its poesie.



THE SEA.

HE sea! I almost weep
 For want of words to tell
 The mysteries, that deep
 Within its bosom dwell!

The dead of ages past
 Beneath its solemn flow,
 Shall, while the sea may last,
 Together sleep below!

The good, the bad, the great,
 The mean, alike repose
 Beneath the ocean's weight,—
 Beneath its tidal flows.

The world's heroic few,
 Beloved of all mankind ;
The hopes of people true ;
 The light of nations blind,

Remorselessly the sea
 Will murder on her breast—
Like monsters in the glee
 Of anger and unrest !

Then be he king or slave ;
 Or be he low or high ;
She has a common grave
 For all she wills must die.

Roll on, unconscious waves !
 Though every flow may be
Above the lonely graves
 Which love can never see !

O'er snow-white baby hands
 On mother's icy breast,
Roll on ! and tell far lands
 The beauty of their rest !

Tell those fair maids who mourn
 And wait the coming home
Of lovers from them torn,
 And shrouded in your foam,

That they may dry their eyes
 And weep for them no more ;
For your undying sighs
 Their tombs do wander o'er.

'Tis like a dream that she
I loved—so young, so true,
So beautiful! Ah, me!
Could Fate the past renew!

'Tis like a dream that she
Should leave me on the shore;
To slumber in the sea
And come to me no more;

Should make her lonely bed—
Arms folded on her breast—
Among the ocean's dead,
And be for aye at rest.

Oh! hear the ocean moan,
And moving waters sigh!
Hark! how the billows groan
Like mountains passing by!

They feel—they know—they hold
What we would never part
For all their shipwrecked gold—
The idols of the heart!

A mystic feeling starts
From out the lonely sea;
And to my heart reveals
Its awful majesty!

I feel a calm despair,
Unknowing why 'tis so:
As when on midnight air
I hear the sounds of woe;

Or when the organ peals
Its dirges for the dead,
And each sad mourner feels
His heart by sorrow led.

I feel the sea is sad !
Its waves are tuned with woe—
By sorrow driven mad
From sleeping hearts below !

Then I will weep : the sea
May sip my falling tears,
And yet be kind to me
When I have lived my years.



A SILENT ROSE.



SILENT rose ! And yet it speaks
A pleading heart's emotion ;
In fragrant music sweetly breaks
A lover's fond devotion.

Despise it not, but deem it part
Of mine own soul thus proffered ;
An altar, where my loving heart
Is sacrificed and offered.

Its perfumes is the incense dear ;
Love's Goddess 'tis addressing :
It prays to thee ! My Goddess hear
And grant to love, love's blessing.

RODERIC AND MARMONDELLE.

A DIALOGUE FROM "MARMONDELLE THE MINSTREL."

Roderic—One sad disaster follows on another !
First banished to this lonely cave for heresy—
Though at our own free will, fearing the law—
The daughter of the Count at death's grim door
And stabbed by her own father ; Bertio
Refused her hand should she outlive her wound ;
And now, to crown it all, an army moves
From Northern France to torture and to slay
All heretics of Languedoc !

Marmondelle— 'Tis true
We run the risk of dying for our cause.

Roderic—And I, like not the thought ! To forfeit life
When my ambitions show their blossomings ;
When I have felt the bracing air of first
Promotion ; caught a glimpse of rank and fame—
Just as I feel the sea of glory rise
And launch upon that tide which might onbear
My name to that bright paradise of age
Surrounded by respect and wealth—to die
Good friend, just at the dawn of honor's day
Would be, indeed, the very height of madness !

Marmondelle—That which is done can ne'er be undone,
friend !
Thou dost not, sure, repent of noble acts ?

Thou should'st it glory deem to sacrifice
E'en life itself—life's dearest objects, all—
When Justice sanctifies thy cause !

Roderic—That which has happened I can alter not ;
But I am choose of that which is to come.

Marmondelle—How so ? If thou art true to Bertio—
And if thy late professions had good ground—
The fate that is for Bertio, is thine !

Roderic—Which to a man should dearest be,—his friend-
ship, or
His life ? If it should hap you lose a friend
You find another ; whilst in loss of life
Comes loss of everything !

Marmondelle— Who feareth Death
Fears what indeed may be the best of friends !
For who can say what Death may be ? For aught
That we can really know it may be found
The door of sleep and shadows, that doth ope
To pleasures and to joys, of which the mind
Now blunted by the flesh that weighs upon't,
In its most lofty and exalted flights,
Can form no picture—find no counterpart—
In all the sweetest fantasy of dreams !
And if it be a sleep, as some do think,
How calm and sweetly tranquil is that sleep !
No horrid dreams, no frightful images
Haunt such an everlasting slumber ;
But wrapped in the beneficence of earth
And shrouded by the fragrant flowers of spring
The velvet grass, and gentle dews of heaven,

He who in Death's calm slumber doth repose
Is taken to fond nature's loving heart—
Oblivious hence, to ev'ry care and woe !
Hence Roderic thou art not wise to say
In losing life thou losest everything !

Roderic—Of life we something know, but naught of I
It is not wise to forfeit what we know
For what it is impossible to know—
To forfeit life and certainty, for Death's
Obscurity and gloom

Marmondelle— But oh ! my friend
There is that honor, wanting which, our lives
Would be as void as are Sahara's sands—
Would be more loathsome than the prey of Death.
It is to this, good friend, I would appeal
Let friendship to thy friend be first of all
And it shall make thy life, though short, as sweet
As dreams that chasten our first nights of love !

Roderic—And for it lose both life and friendship ?

Marmondelle—And gain a name to live forever !

Roderic—Bah ! Names are useless when the men are
A panegyric over my rank grave
When I am feeding worms is worthless, friend.

Marmondelle—Well choose thy course and to thy sordi
The future shape : but know that we must part
If thou art so devoid of honor and of soul—
So prizing of thine own poor paltry life—
As to forsake thy friends, this hour of need !

Roderic—Then Marmondelle, we part!

Marmondelle—And thou dost join our enemies?

Roderic—E'en so, but being there I'll act your friend.

Marmondelle—A man that wanteth honor, *ne'er* can be a friend!

Roderic—Ah! well! good Marmondelle we part!
My life is worth too much to ring its knell
For your most doubtful fame of infidel;
But if it pleaseth thee, good Marmondelle,
Why earn it, and so earning—fare-thee-well.

(*Exit.*)

Marmondelle—How bitter is a false heart's mockery!
But yesterday his tongue was full of oaths
Of lasting friendship and devotion's vows
Unto the cause of Justice and of Truth:
And now his heart is empty as a skull—
The brainless toy of our philosophers!
The first alarm proves friendship hollow; first
Faint wind from adverse quarters gives its flight,
And just when needed it hath turned the coward!
But such reflections do consume the time—
I must to Bertio, and the news impart!



LOVE'S VISION.

HOU vision of life, ever near me flitting,
And seeming substantial as all that I see
Oh, how my fond heart would bask in thy beauty!
But soon as I sigh thou art vanished from me.

Through day and by night, when sweetly I'm dreaming,
Thy loveliness glows like a star in the gloom;
And like to a star, ah! thou art so distant,
And never to near thee, my love, is my doom.

Ah! Never to gaze with love at thy features—
Unconscious of beauty as flowers their hue—
Nor rest that dear head for aye on my bosom;
But ever like planets this vision pursue!

Pursue, yet never, never o'ertake thee—
To feel thy sweet magic drawing me on,
Until at the last Death cometh to make me
Thine own, when the world and my dreamings are gone.



THE LIVING THROING.

A DOWN the surging street I wandered—full of
 thought ;
 And plunged my wakeful mind in painful visions
 fraught

With scenes of beating hearts, and what they saw and felt,
 And in each one a moment there my spirit dwelt :
 And lo ! a throbbing world of trouble in each breast,
 And yet guilt o'er with joy, like Even in the West.

Each one a living world of scenes to memory dear ;
 Of hopes that lifted up, and disappointments drear ;
 Of joys and sorrows past, and dreams of bliss in store ;
 Of wished-for days to come, with thanks some hours
 were o'er :

All silent yet all full ; all smiling yet oppressed ;
 Each one alone, and still commingling with the rest.

So move we day by day ; apart and yet akin !
 A universe of feeling, of virtue and of sin ;
 Alike, and yet how much we differ each from each—
 Like stars that jewel heaven shining as they teach
 That as they flow apart and yet do blend their beams
 So single lives flow on, but merge amid our dreams.



BY THE BROOKLET.



AR to the Westward the sunbeams
Were playing and blushing away;
Low the sweet murmurs of Even
Were breathing farewells to the day

Soft was the music of Nature ;
As mild as the Heavens above ;
Bearing to hearts of the youthful
The sense of a spirit of love.

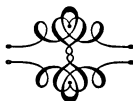
Love that the universe whispered—
A love that the brook as it flowed
Sang to its banks, and the flowers
That bent to the rippling ode.

Oh ! what a joy was the lovers
Who sat on a bank 'neath a tree
Spreading its branches above them,
And shading the daisy-brown lea !

Theirs was the bliss of affection
That nature herself did impart ;
And, in the voice of the waters,
Did blend with the love of the heart.

Eyes, into eyes fondly gazing
And blending the dreams of two souls ;
Whispering love, like the brooklet,
Is music as onward it rolls.

Ah! may their love e'er be so ;
 As pure and as calm as the stream
 That, in its gladness forever,
 Wakes music as soft as a dream !



THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER.*

A TRUE STORY ENACTED AT LEITMERITZ, BOHEMIA,
 MAY 30th, 1421.

FOR faith, fanatic faith, behold
 The Burgomaster frown
 And hear him swear he'll bring despair
 Upon his native town :
 That very night he'd use his might
 To strike false doctrines down !

The terror-bosomed shade of night
 Enwrapped the homes of those,
 Who undismayed all day had prayed,
 Not less for friends than foes ;
 And as they slept in pity wept,
 For gulf of hate to close !

* The reader will note a similarity in the fate of "The Burgomaster's Daughter" and the "Jewish Maiden." History is responsible for it.

“Obey commands!” old Pichel roared—
“And on the sleeping seize :
Strike them with fear, and bring them here
Upon their bended knees :
For I will show their bitter woe
Alone, my heart can please !

Ere morning twenty-four were seized,
And near St. Michael's gate,
In dungeons deep were thrown to weep
And mourn their bitter fate.
There Pichel saw his son-in-law,
But still he fanned his hate.

Amid the cold, with hunger tried,
They thought their prison doom
Was hence to be the misery
Of praying death to come
And take them hence—sweet recompence—
From out their living tomb.

But death more awful was reserved
For that brave twenty-four.
“I'll cut them down ; the lot shall drown !”
The burgomaster swore :
He gained his end : they were condemned
By those he over-bore !

To waggons chained they were conveyed
To Elbe's unceasing flow,
Amid the sighs and mournful cries
Of relatives in woe ;
And of the crowd that wept aloud
When they beheld them so !

The burgomaster's daughter came
In that lamenting throng,
And there she saw her spouse, by law
Condemned to die among
The noble brave : whose flowing grave
Wept at her father's wrong.

" Dear father, oh, dear father, stay
This anger so inflamed ;
Pray, pray forgive, and let him live ;
Whose love my soul hath claimed :
I am his wife, and he my life ! "
She in despair exclaimed.

" Go woman, find another spouse ! "
He rudely did reply.
" Respect your sire, for your desire
But tells your soul a lie.
I'll find for you a lover true,
But this, your first, shall die ! "

" Upon my knees—your only child—
I pray you father hear ! "
" Come, cease your woe, I will not so
Though you should plead a year."
" Oh, if we part, 'twill break my heart ;
Oh ! calm your daughter's fear ! "

She pleaded still, but all in vain ;
Her father still would say
" I'll find you one when this is gone
Who will our faith obey."
" I will not wed, when he is dead,
So for his life I pray ! "

Her father frowned, and she uprose
And tore her streaming hair ;
She smote her breast, and so suppressed
Her anguish and despair ;
And went with those of kindred woes
The common grief to share.

They slowly came unto the brink,
Where crystal Elbe lay deep ;
And whilst they stayed the martyrs prayed
That God their souls would keep :—
“ Our foe-men spare,” rose on the air,
“ And bless the friends who weep.

Farewell our children, farewell wives :
God's blessing on you fall ! ”
Hark, hear the bell ! What doth it tell ?
It sounds the solemn call !
From yon grim tower there sounds the hour
When death uplifts her pall.

Bound hands to feet the Martyrs then
Were rowed into the stream ;
There on each side of that dull tide
The banks with mortals teem,
Who waiting stand, with pikes in hand,
And more like demons seem.

Splash ! Splash ! The river spat her spray
In faces of the crew
That hurled them down to plunge and drown
In Elbe's pure liquid blue :
Some few washed o'er close by the shore
But these the pikemen slew.

The burgomaster's daughter saw
Her husband floating by.
She took a leap, into the deep
Without a sign or cry !
She gained his side, and vainly tried
To win the bank so nigh !

Alas ! too deep the waters proved,
She struggled there in vain ;
No ! here she is ! The waters hiss—
And back they float again :
Oh what a sight ! In such a plight
Must this fair one remain !

The struggle ceased ! they sank below
The river's limpid shroud ;
Then rose to float as in a boat
As frail as summer cloud ;
And far and near a wail we hear
Sobbed by that watching crowd.

All through that night those two in death
Were free from all alarms ;
But face to face in fond embrace
Slept in each other's arms ;
And when the morn came to adorn
He halted at their charms !

The people who had seen their love
And honored her so brave ;
Who saw the scene of yester-e'en
All powerless to save,
Relieved the tide, and side by side
They placed them in one grave.

GENIUS (*IMPROMPTU*).

 ENIUS the sun-light is
 That shows the beauties of a life,
 Waking hearts to love and bliss
 That else were lost in clouds and strife.

'Tis the music of the mind,
 The harmony of manhood parts ;
 Giving visions to the blind,
 And linking sweetly human hearts.

Labour aids it to its end,
 As waves uplift a freighted barque :
 'Tis Humanity's best friend
 And guides it from the painful dark.



THERE'S NOUGHT BUT MELANCHOLY.

 ONCE, whilst standing on the mount
 Of golden youthful vision,
 Saw all the world in beauty spread
 And felt not fate's derision.

And in my solitude there came,
To aid the sense of duty,
The chastened creatures of my dreams
That shone in mystic beauty.

Beyond the sod I bent to turn,
Beyond the fleeting trouble,
I saw the world of dreams, and felt
The present but a bubble.

The broad expanse of Nature spake ;
Each valley, brooklet, flower ;
And filled my youthful guileless heart
With silent music's power.

A music that the heart could feel,
Though sense could not detect it :
Oh it was sweet to drink it in
And lovingly reflect it.

'Twas youth's enchanting atmosphere,
Passed now away forever ;
My dreams have fled ; I know the truth—
To fail : and still endeavour.

“ Fail, fail ! still fail ! and yet to toil.”
This is the lot of mortals ;
And he who is the wisest knows
From this there ope no portals.

In youth we dream, but manhood learns
That dreams are childish folly ;
And for the sage who feels this truth
There's nought but melancholy.

MY LOVED ONE.

WRAPPED in the mantle of the dusk ;
 Alone and dreamy in the days repose ;
 Flowers around, and scent of musk
 Commingling with the fragrant rose :
 A vision in the calm I see ;
 A vision, oh, my love, of thee !

Too sacred for my worldly touch ;
 Transparent as the sunbeams are ;
 Or purer still thy frame is such
 As though a spirit of yon star,
 That with a mien so calmly proud,
 Will vanish 'fore the faintest cloud.

Spell bound enraptured I will view
 Thy burning eyes aglow with love ;
 And watch the melting of the blue
 Beneath the lily white above
 That towers to streaming golden hair—
 A fitting crown to one so fair !

I would, and yet I must not, clasp
 That lovely outline to my heart ;
 Lest it elude my vulgar grasp
 And from my fancy, fading, part :
 Which, oh ! to do, were to dethrone
 My heart, my life, and all I own.

OH YOU REFORMERS!



O love one's fellow men, and live
For those upon the sea
Of this world's billows, is to give
All for Humanity!

The mariner when storms run high,
And clouds and shadows dark
Encompass earth and drape the sky
And thicken round his barque,

Stands then alone to grasp the helm;
And 'mid the tempests roar
And wildest waves that night o'erwhelm
Thinks but to tide them o'er.

For him the wife, the child, the friend,
Who sleep the while he dares,
Are only dreams, that come to blend
Their blessings with his cares.

But oh! he must not leave the wheel;
Though love herself might woo;
For him one duty: he must feel
That duty saves the crew!

Alone, though others laugh and sing ;
Alone, in storm and night ;
Alone, he must his vessel bring
To harbour and the light.

The world may deem him stern and cold ;
For brooklets, meads and flowers,
And shaded walks, and love, and gold,
Haunt not his wakeful hours.

His arm encircles not the form
Of sylph-like beauty's queen ;
But rises to defy the storm,
Or his tired eyes to screen.

His lips press not the rosy case
Of shining rows of pearl :
The kisses for his anxious face,
The storm-gods wildly hurl.

For him no tender, loving voice
Of child or womankind ;
To bid him rest, refresh, rejoice,
Or home's dear comfort find.

A brother of the storms is he :
And so none know him well ;
They think him as they think the sea,
Where 'tis his lot to dwell.

They take all blessings that he brings
Without a further care ;
And then upon their pleasure wings,
They bear away his share.

Oh! you reformers in the storms
That wreck humanity,
Still bravely work though your reformer
Shall earn *no* sympathy.



SCENE FROM "THE PRINCESS OF ATLANTIS."

A DIALOGUE.

The Prince—Nay weep not, chosen of my love!
My heart is still as true to thee
As is the mirror to the sky
In yonder peaceful lake. My heart
Rejoices in its present flight
Upon the wings of love forbid,
As birds escaping from their cage
Sing sweeter to enchant the winds—
Companions to their Liberty!

Margarine—'Tis like the bending of the Sun
To kiss a Meteor, or like the sea
Unto a dewdrop vowing love.
What can a peasant maiden hope
More than to win a peasant's hand?
Shame even now casts over me
Her painful, alternating shades,
That send the hot blood to my face
And icy currents to my heart,
That I should even talk to thee—
So high above my lowly lot
That to thine eyes I can but seem—

If even I should seem so much—
 As humble as a modest flower
 That lifts its petals in thy path :
 And it may be thy princely hands
 Unmindful of its innocence—
 Its beauty only pleasing thee—
 May wish, without a further thought
 To pluck the fragrant little flower
 That thou may'st place it near thy heart,
 Where it shall wither and decay—
 Then, carelessly be thrown away.

The Prince—Thou art a flower by whom the nightly dews
 Are chastened, as they press upon thy lips.
 I'll root thy loving life within my heart
 And feed with love, love's sempiternal growth.
 Ah ! Margarine, though I am princely born
 I have a human and a manly heart.
 The gold and glitter of my father's court—
 Though they be like the chains upon a slave—
 No more can put the fetters on my love—
 Than summer sunshine, darting thro' the air,
 Can blind the eagle soaring to its mate.
 What careth love for palaces and pomp
 Whose mighty shadows are the people's wrongs—
 Whose golden glories flooding them around
 Are like the light some dying insects give,
 Born from the pains of death and misery !
 I hate the very name of " Majesty "
 Which, by its very utterance, proclaims
 The multitudes must live a hopeless life.
 No ! like the waters of divided lakes,
 That force a passage through their yielding banks.
 To find a common level as they blend,
 Love bursts the feeble bonds of royalty

And claims an equal in the peasant maid.
Behold! a prince may kneel fair Margarine!

Margarine—Consider thee, I pray, Ulrino's lot!

The Prince—I have considered, and refuse to sell
Myself and people of this kingdom for
The proffered pleasures of a honeymoon.

Margarine—Think then, I further pray, of all the woe—
The wars, the conflicts and the civil strife,
That thy refusal to be wed to her
Must needs entail upon our native land.
Go! she awaits thee in thy royal home—
'Tis known she truly, deeply loves thee! Go!

The Prince—And dost thou love me not?

Margarine— She loves thee well!

The Prince— And thou?

Margarine—Am too unworthy of thy love.

The Prince—She is a princess, thou a lowly maid!
I never sought, nor do I seek *her* love;
Thine humbly I beseech—what dost thou say?

Margarine—That if the princess has a heart like mine
'Twill break to learn that thou can'st love her not—

The Prince—Confession sweetest ever made!

Margarine—Nay go!

The Prince—And wherefore should I go?

Margarine—That *her* heart may not break.

The Prince—And break thine own?

Margarine—'Twould be a sweet reward
To suffer e'en so much, good prince, for thee!

The Prince—Then walk thee by my side, and we will
grieve
For sad Ulrino with her hopeless love.

(*Exeunt.*)



FATE BIDS US WALK ALONE.

 IS better dearest, we should part
Fate bids us walk alone
We cannot hope that heart to heart
In future we'll be one.

We love, 'tis true, and yet our fate
Makes love itself a crime;
Love sprang up in our souls too late—
We met at fatal time.

My heart was pledged; another one
Claimed all I had to give;
I love—but cannot be thine own—
Without thee I must live.

I weep from early morn till night,
And through the night till day,
That hearts should love in such sad plight
Without one hopeful ray.



THE ATHEIST.

THE heavy chains clanked at each step
A heretic was taking
Within his damp and gloomy cell—
The silence harshly breaking.

The shadows flitted on the walls,
Like spectres in derision,
At every waft of ghastly light
That mocked his painful vision.

Then grating like a fiend's harsh voice
The iron door back swinging
Revealed two monks in garbs of death,
And vengeful dirges singing.

The captive fixed his feet to earth
In conscious self-reliance,
And summoned to his face the look
Of daring and defiance.

“Why come ye here again to me
Ye priests like demons risen
From hell your fables keep ablaze?
Begone! This is my prison!”

“And art thou unrepentant yet?”
The monks in black demanded.
“Then death is near and all thy kin
With infamy is branded.”

“I fear you not;” he sternly said.
“Then fear our god in Heaven
And go not to thy maker man,
With crimes yet unforgiven!”

“Your god! What god is yours? His name?
That he should come between us,
Is’t Jove? or Zeus? or Brahm? or Thor?
Or Cynthia? or Venus?”

Is’t youthful Baldur? Christ? or Pan?
The god of ‘good’ or ‘evil’?
Is’t Ahriman, Ormuzd, or Seb?
Jehovah? or the Devil?

Of all the hosts of ‘only’ gods
The fruits of fear’s inventions
Revealed in thousand priestly books
What god claims *your* pretensions?”

“We serve the god the Bible serves,
The book which he has given
To guide us to his throne, that glows
Amid the courts of Heaven!”

“The Bible priests ! What Bible, pray ?
The Shastras of the sages ?
The Vedas ? Tripetakas ?—books
That cheered the East for ages ?

Or is it Egypt’s sacred book
That serves the god Osiris—
The judge of quick and dead, and spouse
Of Virgin-Mother Isis ?

Or is your Bible from the north ?
The Eddas of the Sea-Kings ?
Or later comes it with the ring
Of Allah’s awful speakings ?

Of all the holy books that claim
God’s only inspiration,
Whence get you yours ? What is its age ?
Its title ? and its nation ? ”

“Hold ! Hold ! ” the monks with angered glance
Exclaimed, “How dar’st thou utter
Such blasphemy as fiends in hell
Would quake with fear to mutter.

Behold the goodness of our god
Thou art this hour defying,
Who now could slay thee, but who spares
The hardened and denying !

As in the moon and silent orbs,
With night’s calm lustre shining,
We wisdom see, so Mercy speaks
Amid the base declining ! ”

“ You speak of Mercy ! Listen priests :—
I claim the right to reason
I care not what you call it—say
’Tis blasphemy or treason !

But where is Mercy in this world ?
In tempests and in thunder ?
In floods and droughts ? in frosts and blights ?
In mountains torn asunder ?

In burning hills that ruin all
Great cities long have cherished ?
In famines and the pestilence ?
In nations that have perished ?

The ocean swarms with finny tribes,
The smaller and the greater
To feast the greatest, and each life
Is that of extirpator !

And as to brutes and beasts and birds—
They live upon each other ;
And man slays all : not satisfied,
He murders then his brother.

One scene of strife, of blood and death !
Life’s battle even waging !
One everlasting round of pain !
Wild storms of anguish raging !

The poor crushed down ! the maimed despised !
The feeble left to perish,
Whilst despots sway, and theft and fraud
And might and cunning flourish !

Pain brings us here ; pain with us walks ;
Is ever round us flying —
Attends the best of mortals most
And gloats upon the dying.

The purest heart is most distressed,
And honesty is hated ;
Truths temples are forsaken, and
Her blessings extirpated.

To think, to feel, and dare to speak
Brings cruel reprobation ;
And to persist in honesty
Is human isolation !

What life whose treble part is not
A ruthless flow of sorrow ?
That hopes to-day, despairs to-day—
Despairs and hopes to-morrow ?

What worth, nobility, or power
To useful action tending
But earns the actor misery ?
What virtue unoffending ?

Then where is Mercy in this world ?
Ye ministers of anguish
Read me its story through our ills—
Bespeak its mighty language !

And yet the air and all the stars—
All space around us lying—
Your hate would fill with gods and fiends
And souls in torment dying.

The vengeful gods, tormenting fiends,
And hells and gloomy heaven,
Must haunt us day and night, and rob
Our thoughts of every haven.

Injustice here ; injustice there !
Injustice everlasting !
Like night-clouds, black, and wide, and cold,
Existence overcasting !

'Tis not enough to suffer now
From blind and hating mortals,
The gods are waiting with their thorns
At paradise's portals !

Or if not there at Sheol's gates—
Ah no ! we risk their gifts then !
Beyond the grave no gleam of light
E'er falls, or guides, or lifts men.

But hoards of avaricious priests,
To live and vaunt their savings,
Make gods and demons, rob the poor—
Base phantoms of their cravings !

Go rob them priests !—the more you rob
The more they'll bless your features ;
The more they suffer, more they need
Your phantom-fashioned creatures !

As drowning men will grasp a shade
Where fatal waters lave them,
So mortals in their misery
Believe a myth can save them !"

They silenced him, and lit the fire
Amid the mocking laughter
Of those who carried faggots green
And chained him 'midst them after.

It was a show for all the land;
A sight to please the million :
And nobles gathered round the stake—
The king in his pavilion.

And as the eyes turned up in pain—
As scorpion fire lashes
Each limb in turn, till winds have seized
And scattered wide his ashes,

The people shout and praise their god—
“Die Atheist and learning,”
The Monks exclaim: the weary king
Cries “Haste the monster’s burning!”

Until the martyr is no more—
Not so his noble mission!
That lives, and speaks above the cry
Of priestcraft’s wild derision.

His *murderers* are dead and gone—
His *words* to-day are living;
They hold communion with our hearts;
New blessings ever giving.

His ashes like a blight fell o’er
The temples of all Creed-dom:
They fell, and in their place arose
The glorious dome of Freedom!

OH FOR THE DAY OF PEACE.



H ! for the day of soothing peace,
When all our world shall be as one,
And devastating war shall cease,
And slaughtered blood no more shall run !

Far down the gory path I scan,
O'er long enduring scenes of strife
And see my brother, fellow man,
Make death the solemn trade of life.

I see proud kindred nations sweep
In conflict dire, to wound and slay ;
And out upon the mighty deep
Behold the warships in the fray.

I see the ocean, red with gore—
The blood of brothers, spilled in fight—
And hear a wail from every shore,
Where murdered bones are bleaching white.

In dead of night I see the glare
Of burning homes and scenes of love :
Hear cries, that ask the heavens to spare,
Rise dirge-like to the skies above.

I feel the pain the mother feels,
That sisters and the brothers share ;
Like anguish of the wife who kneels
When war bequeaths them its despair.

Oh Love and Mercy from your sleep
Of by-gone ages, wake and rise ;
Ere Hope, deserting man, shall weep,
And birth Despair amid her sighs !

Forever let the cannons' roar
Be hushed ; but in its stead
Let music rise from shore to shore,
Of toil that gives us homes and bread.

Let glory be the toilers' due,
And love, not strife, the statesman's aim ;
"The many blessed beyond the few,"
The claim to an immortal name.

Oh ! if our wealth, and blood, and thought,
That erst in war have spent their power,
Had but the common welfare sought,
What joys might not enrich this hour ?

Our lands should glow with waving fields
That witnessed once the bloody strife ;
Each home become a fane, that shields
From storm and care of outer life.

And over all our foaming seas
The white-winged messengers of peace
Should scud before the laughing breeze,
With cargoes of the golden fleece.

And over head the sun should smile
Around a world in brotherhood.
Oh haste the day when Greed and Guile
Shall fly before the Common Good !

A SISTER'S LOVE.



OH! let me see his form again,
And give him just another kiss,
Ere in the grave that form is lain,
Where sister's lips can ne'er press his!
Oh! let me put this little flower—
A snow-white rose—upon his breast:
An off'ring made unto the power,
Who takes my brother to his rest.

The kiss I gave him: then away
They bore the form I fondly loved.
The bell toll'd slow; Oh! sad the day!
And since that day sad all have proved.
No more beneath the old oak tree,
At home, or in the world so wide,
He'll tell his brother's love for me,
Nor I a sister's love confide.

Yet sometimes when I sit alone,
And sing with love his favorite song,
I think I hear again the tone
That hushed in death had been so long.
Among the rich and mellow chords,
And dying with a monotone,
I hear again his loving words
In music blending with mine own.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

PARKS glow and fade ; stars roll and die ;
The roses spray
Perfumes to-day,
And e'er the night decaying lie.

The brightest noon gives place to eve ;
The seasons hie—
March quickly by :
And each one brings a loss to grieve.

The woods are green ; the trees are bare ;
The dismal tones
Of dying moans
Roll from the forest in despair.

And o'er the sea, in storms or peace
There comes a dirge—
A wailing surge
Of woe, as of a life's surcease.

The beaming eye in childhood set
A diamond seems,
Alight with dreams—
The dreams that manhood will forget.

Ripe manhood dawns—and age steals on.
The eye is bleared ;
The man has neared,
Has reached the tomb, and life is gone.

Each natal day bids us repose,
And calmly think
How time doth drink
Our joys, as from the sweetest rose.

The bud upon the bosom white—
So warm and sweet
In snowy seat—
Is not alone the prey of blight.

That bosom, like a lily spread
With love for wind,
Hath fate destined
To swell the horrors of the dead !

So let us pause from time to time,
And like a flower
Give to the hour
The fragrance of a life sublime.

Since fleeting time soon takes us hence
Let life be full,
And beautiful,
With love's eternal frankincense.

And when each birthday comes around
To you or me,
Let joy go free,
And bid the sweets of life abound.

Dance while the light illumines the sky,
And at the streams
Of happy dreams
Besport and drink ere streams are dry.

If life be short, the more the need
To make it bright ;
To woo delight—
And fill with joy each thought and deed.

So let not care beline your brow ;
And think not o'er
Your woes before
They come to you—be happy *now* !



TO —————



FLOWER of gentle, modest May,
Oh youthful maiden, thy life seems ;
A gleam that falls athwart the day ;
Whose home is in the land of dreams.

A flower ! A flower may grow and bloom
Within its own congenial soil ;
Or it may have the evil doom
To be uprooted, and to spoil.

A careless hand may break its stem
And throw it on the sands away ;
And so the tiny fragrant gem
Must lose its beauties and decay.

And some one, kinder far than such,
May wear it near the loving heart ;
Too sacred deeming it for touch ;
Too precious far, to lose, or part.

I fancy in this world there is
 One heart—the garden for this flower ;
 Where thy sweet life shall bloom in bliss,
 And sprinkle love's eternal shower.

I pray the mystic Fates that thou
 May'st find this garden for thy life;
 That thou be happy then, as now—
 As free from care, as free from strife !



DAMAYANTI, THE PRINCESS.

A STORY FROM THE MAHABRATTA.

YEARS ere the cities of the West,
 Or Europe's greatness had commenced,
 The soil of Orient was blest
 With glories, Love herself dispensed,
 To turn fair India to a shrine
 Where she was worshipped as divine.

Of regal race, a youthful king,
 Was Nala—bearing all the ring
 Of those great virtues that we claim
 To build a man and give him fame.
 As 'mong the meaner beasts that prowl—
 Beneath the cloak of night—whose howl
 When dangerless is passing loud—
 The lion stands a monarch proud,
 So Nala amongst men, I sing
 Seemed like a mighty lion-king !

And yet withal though brave and proud—
O'er-topping mortals as the cloud
Whereon sweet summer strews her rays
And sets the brows with gold ablaze—
E'en like the cloud that melts and pours
Its blessings in the falling showers
To kiss the lips of thirsty flowers,
And press the dust of sunny hours,
The youthful king lived not apart
From softer whispers of the heart,
But mingled with the souls of all,
As raindrops in the meadows fall.

His rule was like a blessing given
As sunshine from a cloudless heaven ;
And all were happy 'neath his sway
As birds love-making all the day ;
And far and wide his fame was spread
As *now* we praise the heroes dead.
Adjacent to his realm there reigned
A king of other caste, who strained
His far resources to outshine
The monarchs alien to his line.
In warfare none so brave as he ;
And unsurpassed for honesty.
Yet he did lack those finer arts
Which pride unto a king imparts—
The polish or hypocrisy ;
Those manners that at court we see,
Which flatter all more praise to get—
That farce the court calls etiquette !
But still one custom he preserved
That from his brother kings deserved
The closest imitation, and
The thanks of women in the land.

The King unto the maiden gave
The right to choose the happy brave,
From all the gallants who might try
To read love's answer in her eye,
Who should receive the bridal kiss
And share with her the marriage bliss.

This King had a daughter who was e'en
Like Venus after sunset seen,
When 'mid the myriad stars that shine
She seems alone the orb divine.
To see her once was to be slave
To visions memory gives no grave—
The captive of a bright ideal
That still was darkness to the real.

A hundred youthful virgins lent
A lustre to her girlhood spent
In dreamy hours of love and song—
Which hopes beget, and dreams prolong.
And when at eve the shadows came
To cover sunset's rosy flame,
The Princess and the maidens met
Beside a crystal rivulet.
And by the light of lanterns strung
To drooping boughs, that overhung
The grassy banks, the maidens told
Of lovers in the days of old—
Whose deeds, immortal in renown,
Were wrought for Love's eternal crown!
But every eye with lustre glows,
As sunbeams sparkle on the snows,
When it is told a Prince is known—
"Who stands in all the world alone,
A King unparalleled in time

Since earth has been ; whose deeds sublime
Are like the rocks that mountains hold,
That yield the richest gifts of gold,
And stand forever in our sight
Like temples of supernal light.”
They spake of Nala : how that he
Was like a tempest on the sea ;
Or like a dream upon a lake
As he had task to undertake :
So blended he the mild and strong
Like notes that mingle in a song.

The youthful King meantime had heard
Of Damayanti ; and he fared
But ill in mind because of her.
“ No maid,” his comrades said, “ so fair
Exists in all your realms, for she
From North to South, from sea to sea
Is paragon of loveliness—
Whose breathing doth invite caress ;
Whose presence overcomes the sense
And fills you with a joy intense,
As when a goddess works her spell
To kill us with that word ‘ farewell.’ ”
And Nala listened over-cast,
Like drooping flowers ere night be past,
And loved in secret much the one
He dare not set his hopes upon.

Time passed, and Nala knew not how
To kill the passion that did bow
His spirit down, and made him feel
A curse upon the earth. His weal
Was gone and constant woe his guest,
On every action was impressed.

His comrades sought to give him cheer
With all the games that mark the year;
But ever like a spirit came
The same sweet face, the same dear name!
“We’ll hunt to-day,” one morn, he said,
As forth his neighing steed he led.
“Unto the forest let us ride!”
His nobles gathered at his side.

When deep within the forest glade,
A flock of swans a floating shade
Cast on the earth, as o’er they flew.
Outspeeding then, his retinue,
The king in hot pursuit spurred on.
The chase was long—a stubborn one.
But ere the dusky cape of night
Unfurled upon the day’s strong light
The prince had seized the silver wing
Of one white swan. The bird and king
Alone, when lo! the swan found voice!
“Spare me! oh prince! let me rejoice
To sing thy praises in the ears
Of Damayanti; that her tears,
More pure than dew on rose’s leaf,
May fountain from a single grief—
Her love for thee, and thee alone,
When thou art absent, and her own!”

His hand was stayed! Her pinions then
The swan outspread, and free again,
She soared above and joined the flight
Of all the flock; to then alight
With them amid the graceful sport
Of Damayanti and her court.

The princess felt herself impelled
To give pursuit, when she beheld
The bird of silver and of snow,
As graceful as the rivers flow.
Like Nala she did leave the rest,
Who showed no seeming interest
Akin to that she truly felt.
She overtook the bird, and knelt
To clasp its curling neck. Alone
With Damayanti, kind the tone
The swan assumed, with gentle words
To speak to her, whilst maids and birds
Did trip the green or mount the air
As of this charm quite unaware :—

“Oh, Damayanti ! listen well,”
The bird did say, “and I will tell
Of that which to thy death will be
Thy heaven of true felicity.
There lives a prince whose mind is far
Above all mortals, as the star
Is higher than the earth. O maid,
No form was ever yet displayed
So matchless and so beautiful—
More comely than the flowers ye cull.
Heroes and gods mine eyes have seen,
And demigods, whose mantling sheen
Would blind the unaccustomed eyes.
But nothing lives beneath the skies
So brave and noble as is he—
Prince Nala, with his love for thee !
Thou art a pearl among thy kind ;
And he with gods a crown would find !
So let no tears thy bright eyes dim :
Thy future shall be bliss with him !”

And so the swan, ere it had fled,
In two young hearts pure love had bred.
'Twas love herself. They little knew
She wove a love-charm 'tween the two !

Now days of pensive sadness came
To Damayanti, and the flame
Of yearning love burned at her heart
She wandered dreamily apart
From pleasure and from friends, like one
Who tries to hope when hope is gone.

Her father guessed her cause for grief,
And hopeful he could bring relief,
He summoned all the princes round,
Who for their beauty were renowned,
Or who for valour lived in fame,
That she might have of all who came
The noblest, and her heart's own choice.

A hundred princely hearts rejoice
To hear the message, and from far
And near they gathered, as in war
Where every soldier tries to be
The first in strength and victory.

Amongst the guests King Nala stood,
His features beaming with the good,
The noble, and the true ; his eyes
The play of sunbeams flushing skies
Of Eastern morn ; his voice as sweet
As insects murmurs when the heat
Of day has softened to the calm
That breathes with nature's dewy balm ;

His gestures graceful as the sweep
Of birds descending to their sleep.
It seemed perfection was surpassed! —
Each glance was happier than the last!
At length their eyes have met; a thrill
Of pain has torn her heart, for ill
May sometimes come of too much joy.
“Three days I will employ
My mind in thought,” she feebly said,
“And then will choose the prince I’ll wed.”

So all retired, and most did feel
The contest over. “I could kneel,”
Said one, “and ever worship her—
So queen-like, innocent, and fair.”
“To call her mine but for one hour,
I would resign my wealth and power.”
“I’d give my life,” another said:
And so they talked. “Tut, I have read
Her heart already,” said a king,
“Prince Nala wears the lucky ring.”
“I did expect her from her throne
This day to walk, and to disown
All else but him; to place her hand
In his, with custom of her land;
But he so struck her tender heart
That she postponed the formal part.”
“Ah me!” said some; but others still
Were hopeful of the maid’s goodwill.

The days had sped; the hour had come;
The princess waited in her room!
Meanwhile four demigods had cast
Their lot with mortals; they had passed

Love's threshold, yielding to her call ;
And so they sought brave Nala's fall.
They took his shape, in this disguise,
To steal the bliss meant for his eyes.

Then Damayanti entered. Lo !
Five Nalas all alike she saw !
The features, form, the garb, the name,
The hopeful smile, the voice the same !
Their brows were circled round with flowers
Alike in each, as were the powers
That smiled from all their eyes, as though
Five heavenly brothers all aglow
With love's soft lustre, there she saw !

She bowed her head. " The gods are here ! "
She whispered to herself in fear.
" How shall I choose ? and how refuse ?
Oh where, my Nala, are the clues
That shall betoken thy dear face ? "
No answer came. She wept apace.

And then she clasped her hands and spake :—
" As I am guiltless, oh ! forsake
Me not, great gods that rule us all !
I do demand that there shall fall
The seeming from the true : that hence,
By virtue of my innocence,
I may a woman's honor prove
By leading forth the one I love !
Ye gods assume your forms again :
My love is for the king of men ! "

And lo ! how great the change ! Serene
And luminous the gods were seen !

Their feet e'en speckless from the dust ;
Their features smooth, as they had just
Been chiseled out of marble. O'er
Each brow a wreath of flowers did pour
A scent of sweetness ne'er excelled.
And stately was each crown upheld
Upon the proud and haughty brow
Of each of those four gods, that now
Stood waiting for the maiden's word !
But see what Nala hath incurred !
Where is his crown ? Ah ! withered ! yea
Each flower is fetid in decay ;
His feet are dusty, and his brow
Is moist with sweat ; he staggers now
Like one fatigued, and lo ! 'tis found
He casts a shadow on the ground !

When she beheld the sight she stood
A moment. Then in solemn mood
She did descend ; and as she neared
Her Nala, e'en a veil appeared
His mantle in her eyes ; her crown
Of fresh culled flowers she lifted down
From her sweet brow, and placed them on
The fevered one whence his had gone ;
Then took his hand in hers divine,
And fondly whispered "*I am thine !*"



A CENSURED LOVE.


 RISE gloomy clouds from out the seas
 And pace across the skies ;
 Spread thick your curtains on the breeze,
 And hide the sun,
 Ere daylight flies,
 And sleep guards everyone.

Now ! Now ! whilst we have eyes to see,
 And I believe it day,
 Unfold your mystic drapery
 And drive the light away :
 Wrap up the world
 With gloom unfurled—
 Let not a sunbeam stay.

Yet thicker settle in the sky,
 For I can see
 The fingers of the passers by,
 Who point at me ;
 Darker and yet darker spread
 Your gloomy shadows overhead,

Shake, shake yourselves, that through the air
 Your fleecy shadows may descend,
 And everywhere
 A darkness rare
 May reign o'er foe and friend.

I would not see a single face—

Oh ! God !—why should I weep !

Disgrace,

Thy fangs are deep

And fatal, to a feeble race !

Oh ! through the darkness I can see

The crowds that turn away from me,

And vanish in the gloom ;

As though from shadows they had grown

To mock—then leave me all alone,

Alive ! but in a tomb !

How I can feel my beating heart

Thud loud within my frame !

And every throb is like a dart

Shot from the bow of shame.

Oh ! could they *feel* who from me start,

As I have felt, would they depart

And leave with me alone,

When they have gone,

The tortures of their blame ?

What have I done that they should curse

The very air I breathe ?

I have too fondly loved—no worse

A cloud am I beneath.

But stately priests have never blessed

The day our hearts were joined,

Nor to the law was love confessed ;

So love sublime

Was deemed a crime

And our honor was purloined.

A CENSURED LOVE.

My lover sleeps in yonder grave,
And oh! how sweet
Must be the rest of one so brave
In life's defeat.
I would that I were by his side
And death would robe me for his bride!

Ah! thou art cold my little child!
The winds they love too well,
And kiss thee with affection wild—
Each kiss sounds like a knell—

But nestle in my bosom, thou
That knows not sin or shame,
And from thy tiny marble brow
I'll kiss thy mother's name.

Pure! aye pure as any star,
That ever from above,
Sent forth its silent rays afar
To bless the purest love,
Art thou my child, though thou art mine—
And a deserted mother thine!

Come Shadows! hide me from mankind:
I cannot bear their scorn:
Or let the lightnings strike me blind
Ere comes another morn:
Do aught that I may never see
The shame this pure one brings on me.

Ah! cruel world that boasts so much
 Of Love and Charity,
 But cannot bear the slightest touch
 Of Love's disparity!
 Thou hast a crown for wedded lust
 But pure Love tramples in the dust.

If Love will not the fetters wear
 The iron custom doth prepare
 It is a crime;
 But hearts unloving, joined by law—
 Consumed by lust's unceasing knaw—
 Are hearts sublime!

Perhaps I should not heed the sneers
 The passing multitudes outpour;
 My love's the purer for their jeers—
 I love my child the more—
 And they but mock themselves—not me—
 By cursing its maternity.



A LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.



STEP soft," said the keeper, "the patient's asleep;
 He has but slept little to-day.
 He seems more disturbed; for he wakes, and then
 weeps,
 And then again dozes away.

Ah ! no ; there's no hope that he'll live till the morn ;
The doctor has given him up ;
'Tis like, that before the next morrow be born,
Life's dregs will be drained from his cup."

E'en so spake the keeper. 'Twas o'er the sick bed—
A bed of the hospital kind—
In ward number five, for the ills of the head—
The patient was wrong in his mind,
Though what was the cause ere that night was unknown—
And now we would bid him "good-bye,"
E'en though his last answer might be but a moan—
E'en should his last breath be a sigh.

And when he awoke—I shall never forget
The wildness that shot from his eyes !
"Be gone" did he shriek, "far away from me get :
Why comes ye to tell me such lies ?
For, oh ! she is dead," and he rose in his seat,—
"Aye, dead !" he did gasp out again,
And save for the keeper he'd been on his feet,
So great his excitement was then.

'Twas plain to be seen that his brain on the past
Was wandering over once more,
And heated by fever, a glance he had cast
On love and his sorrows of yore.
But while we were gazing it seemed as though
His reason to him had returned ;
His eyes had now lost their delirious glow,
Though still with a wildness they burned.

And now did he know me, for softly he said,
"Ah! friend, I am happy to die—
Come closer, draw near me, and sit by the bed
To hear as I whisper 'good-bye.'
Good friend! Have you heard! Do you know why I'm
here?—

What sorrow has driven me mad?
No! Well, if you lend a kind listening ear,
I'll tell you the troubles I've had.

In haste with my love, a sweet maiden I found,
With beauty and riches and grace;
The belle of the village and country around,
For all were in love with her face.
I plighted my troth, and she vowed to be mine,
In whispers of Love's softest breath;
And dreaming her love was a music divine
I swore to be true to the death!

I travelled away, and far over the sea
I found a fair land, where I roved
To win fame and fortune; then after to be
The husband of her that I loved!—
Of her that I thought that I loved, I should say,
For fancy 'twas, rather than love—
And yet when I knew it I would not betray
If she to me constant would prove.

The saddest, yet sweetest of days in my life
I met a bright angel from heaven!
I loved her at once: and then came the strife
'Tween love and the vows I had given.
I struggled in vain my affections to chill—
I saw that she also loved me,

For each tender glance of her vision would fill
My heart with her love's melody.

I strove not to see her ; but all was in vain !
Fate seemed us together to bring :
At night she would dawn on my slumber again—
In dreams would her love to me sing.
And yet I could never to her speak a word
Of what I now felt in my heart !
Oh ! I was as true as the mate of a bird
To her who had first won my heart.

To tell of the nights that I passed without sleep ;
The sorrow that filled me by day ;
To tell of the times I have witnessed her weep
At thoughts of my going away !—
Oh God ! how she loved me ! and how I loved her !
Though cursing my love as it grew,
For not even hope could I breathe unto her—
My vows to the other were true.

And so, without daring to bid her good-bye—
My heart would have failed with my voice—
I now had resolved to forget her soft eye ;
To return to the first of my choice.
Alas ! though a year, the brief time that had past
Since last I had sworn to be true,
And though whilst away in my letter I cast
My love for a lover's fond view,

I found her a bride, and the wife of my foe !
So faithless, untrue, she had been !
Whilst I for my love was sore burdened with woe,
She was of another the queen !

Oh! how I then lived through the sorrowful weeks,

I know not—I cannot now say;

But like to a bird when dear freedom it seeks,

I fled from my sorrow away!

I fled from my sorrow! Nay, more of it found,

Since I to my angel would fly;

But winds strong against us, our ship cast aground,

Long kept us 'tween ocean and sky:

And when I arrived!—it was then came the woe!—

Oh, Heaven! this pain in my head!—

I fled to that shore but to know,

That my angel, *my angel!* was dead.

Aye, dead! She was dead! Her good heart—it was broke!

Poor girl!—I do tell thee, my friend,

It was not a sleep, for she never awoke—

Great God forgive me if I caused her that end!

Hark! Hark! What is that? 'Tis sweet music I hear—

See! There stands my angel once more!

My angel of love, oh! my angel, come near—

A kiss, and my sorrows are o'er!"

He dropped on his pillow, and ceasing to breathe,

His strength by this effort was spent;

So kissing his brow in our sorrow we grieved—

Our hearts by his story were rent:

But, oh! we were glad that his life had a close

To scenes of such sorrow and woe;

That now he could sleep in unawaking repose,

And trouble again never know.

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